

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 947

JANUARY 21, 1888

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.

I AM WHAT I AM
WHAT I TALK AM
WHAT I HATH BEEN

STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE



THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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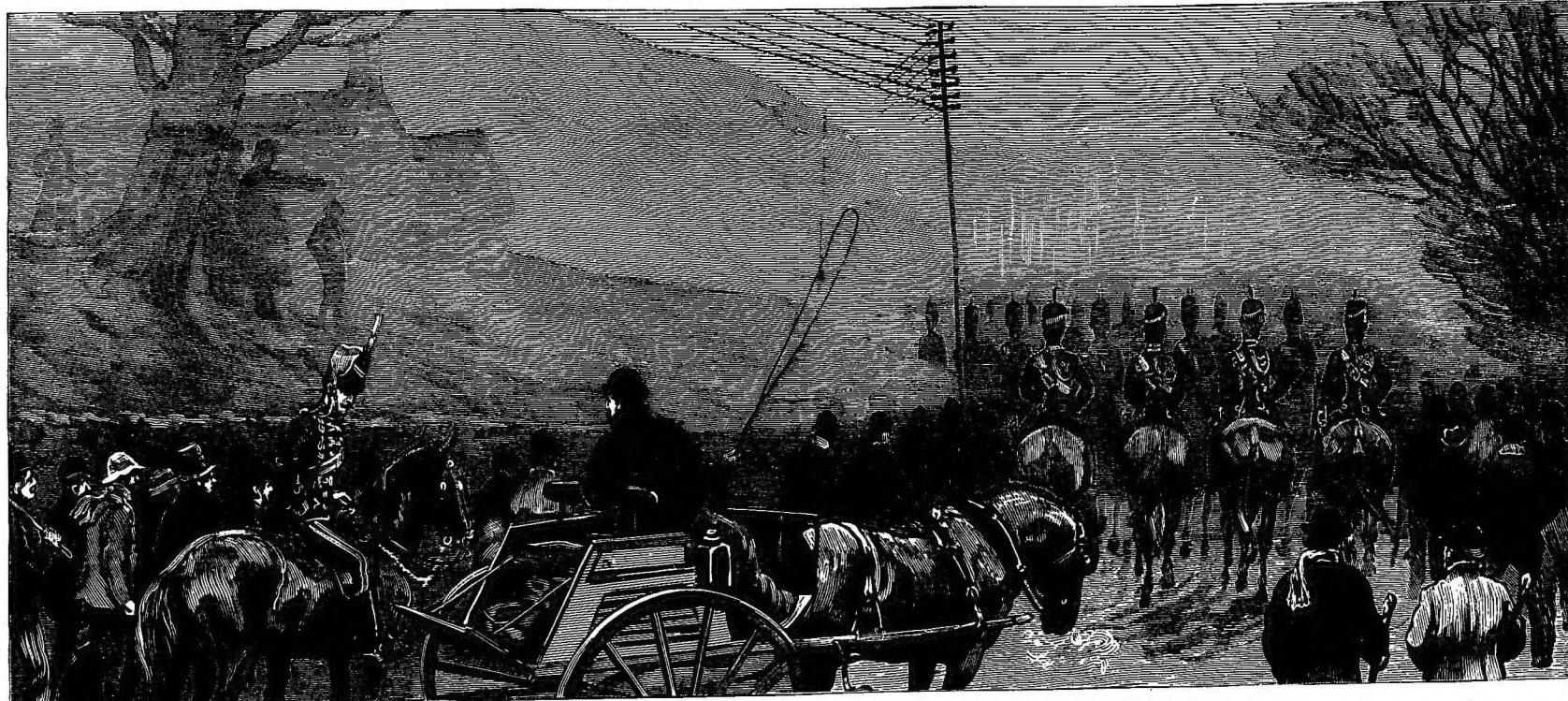
SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1888

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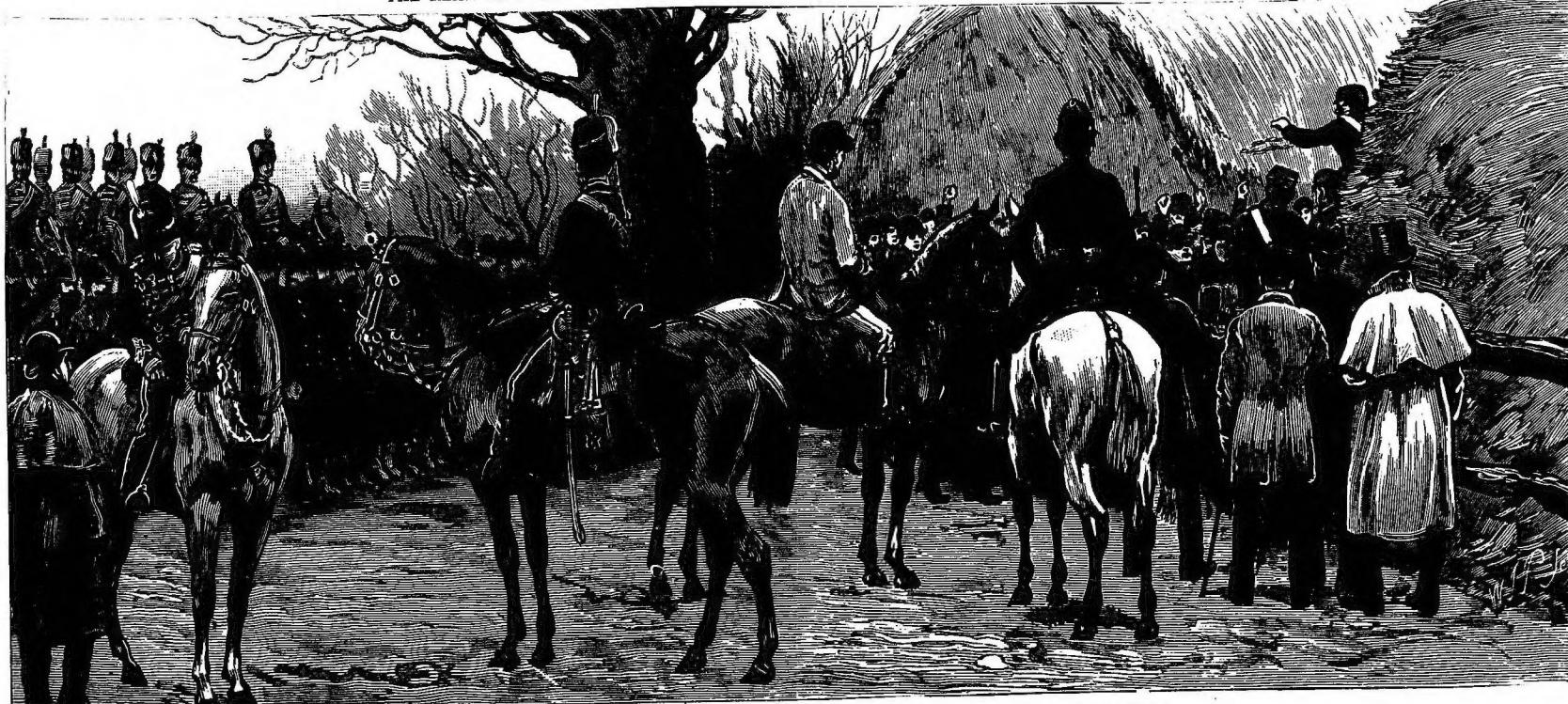
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EARLY DAWN, ISGLAU FARM, HOLYWELL: TITHE AGITATORS PREPARING THE RECEPTION IN ADVANCE OF THE DISTRAINING EXPEDITION

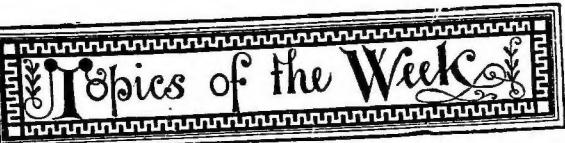


THE REAR OF A TITHE-DISTRAINING EXPEDITION IN A SEA-FOG ON THE MOSTYN HIGH ROAD



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THE TITHE AGITATION IN WALES



PEACE OR WAR?—The Czar has expressed a confident hope that the present year will be one of peace and prosperity; and beyond the frontiers of Russia all the world earnestly trusts that he may prove to be right. Some Liberal journalists have, indeed, persuaded themselves that Austria does not share the general sentiment of Western Europe. According to these authorities, the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy is eager for war, and threatens to drag Russia into a deadly struggle. In reality, the Austrian Government dreads the prospect of a conflict, and would probably sacrifice anything short of its vital interests in order to secure a long period of tranquillity. The maintenance of peace depends for the present on Russia, and on Russia alone. That the Czar himself is favourable to peace there is no reason to doubt. He is not so foolish as to suppose that in the event of a war there would be no chance of his being defeated, and he is well aware that defeat would bring with it serious complications at home. But, unfortunately, the Russian army is in a restless and bellicose mood, and, autocrat as he is, the Czar may be unable to resist the pressure brought to bear upon him by the military class. This is the secret of the uneasiness felt at Vienna, where the power of the Czar's military advisers is clearly understood. Many circumstances indicate that Prince Bismarck is doing his best to soothe the susceptibilities of Russia, and to prepare the way, if possible, for a satisfactory settlement of the Bulgarian difficulty. It is in the highest degree unlikely that if war broke out he would allow Russia to have her own way in dealing with Austria; and this fact may have more weight than any other consideration in allaying the war-fever at St. Petersburg and Moscow.

PUBLIC EXPENDITURE.—Mr. Henry Fowler, who was Secretary to the Treasury in Mr. Gladstone's last Administration, has made some suggestions on this subject which are well worthy of consideration. He proposes to extend the principle of Grand Committees which was established five years ago, and to refer the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Estimates respectively to three Committees for investigation, their decisions being ultimately submitted to the whole House for approval. Such a scheme would in many ways be beneficial. At present the House of Commons is overburdened by the enormous quantity of work which it is expected to perform. But this overburdenment is due to the fact that no practical attempt is made to portion out among the members the work which has to be done. It is as if in a large kitchen there were a dozen cooks, and every cook was to insist on helping to prepare every dish. The result would be a very objectionable dinner, and it must be confessed that the Parliamentary repast which at the end of each Session is placed before John Bull is singularly disappointing, considering that he has six hundred and seventy political cooks in his service. Mr. Fowler proposes that there shall be one batch of *employés* for joints, another for *entrées*, and another for sweets, with the result of greatly increased economy and efficiency. Before, however, entering on these reforms, the members of the House should ponder carefully the real meaning of the word "retrenchment" as applied to public expenditure. At present, a few thousands are lopped off here and there, generally at the instance of a handful of honourable gentlemen who desire to pose as watchful guardians of the public purse; while millions are cheerfully voted without a dissentient murmur. What the public nowadays want is not mere retrenchment, which usually means aggravated inefficiency in the retrenched department, but adequate value for their money. Modern Ministers are so dependent for their existence on the breath of popular favour that they are most unlikely to frame extravagant estimates—they are much more prone to err in the opposite direction; but they do need careful watching to see that the money they raise is effectively spent, and this can be best accomplished by such a subdivision of Parliamentary labour as is sketched out by Mr. Fowler.

LIFE CHARGES ON LAND.—The custom of burdening estates with life charges, although by no means unknown in England, requires a journey to Ireland to see it flourishing in its full disastrous perfection. Over there, it has been carried to such excess that hundreds of landowners would be only too glad if they could exchange places with the lucky life chargers on their estates. Whatever happens, the latter get paid in full; so much per annum to the widow of the deceased owner, so much to each younger son and daughter; the heir, what gets he? Well, he used to have for an income the balance left after paying these fixed charges, and this enabled him to support the position of a squire. But owing to reductions of rent, the balance has in many cases entirely disappeared, leaving the unfortunate heir to play the squire on "potatoes and point." This is no exaggeration; it is the literal fact that at the present moment there are numbers of Irish landlords who would have to enter the workhouse but for the help they receive from relations. Is it not natural, nay, inevitable, that men so circumstanced should set their faces against abatement of rent? Let us imagine a case in which an Irish squire, on coming into the

family property some years ago, found himself with a rent roll of 2,000*l.* Of this, one half, we will suppose, had to be paid away for life charges, leaving him with 1,000*l.* a year to keep house on. Then came the Land Act, and, by knocking off 25 per cent. from his rents, reduced his income to 750*l.* Later on, the fall in the value of agricultural produce compelled him to make another 25 per cent. abatement, and now he is threatened with the Plan of Campaign unless he makes a sacrifice which will reduce his means to 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year. But during all this time his co-heirs, the life chargers, have been receiving the full amount of their claims, whereas, according to every principle of equity, they ought to have shared, *pro rata*, the sacrifices made by "the head of the family" for the common good. It is an abominable system, and not a little of the present trouble in Ireland is owing to its existence.

GERMAN SOCIALISM.—The German Government has demanded that the Anti-Socialist Law, which has been several times renewed since it was passed in 1878, shall be prolonged for five years, and that various clauses of increased severity shall be added to it. Hitherto, "limitation of residence"—that is, expulsion from place of domicile—has applied only to professional agitators. It is now proposed that it shall be extended to all who belong to Socialist organisations, and that in certain circumstances the Government shall have the right to drive offenders altogether from German territory. Some writers express surprise that Prince Bismarck, who is known to have a good deal of sympathy with Socialism, should deal so harshly with the Social Democrats. The social changes which the Chancellor wishes to effect are, however, changes that would in no way alter the bases of the existing order. The Social Democrats, on the contrary, wish to begin with the overthrow of the Monarchy and the destruction of private property. It is natural enough, therefore, that he should regard them as the most formidable of his enemies, and should spare no pains to bring them under rigid control. So far as the great centres of population are concerned, there is not much chance that he will succeed in putting an end to a movement which has excited the enthusiasm of a vast proportion of the working classes. He may detach from the party adherents who are not thoroughly in earnest about "the cause," but the zeal of ardent members of secret societies will probably be intensified by what will seem to them cruel persecution. But, as we have repeatedly said, German Socialists, however powerful they may be in great cities, are not likely to become in the near future a serious danger to the State; for among the peasantry, who form the backbone of the nation, they make no progress whatever. The German peasant, proud of his position as an independent proprietor, has a sturdy faith in "individualism," and dislikes Socialists almost as heartily as he dislikes usurers.

SUAKIM.—Just as the Italians are rushing into a perilous adventure against King John of Abyssinia—an enterprise into which we led them by inviting them to occupy Massowah—our own troubles in the Soudan are recommencing. We say advisedly "our own troubles," for, whether we eventually retire or not, England is at present the practical mistress of Egypt. The increased expenditure which will be caused by the renewed fighting may have to be paid by the unfortunate Egyptian fellah, who does not care a button about the Soudan or the Soudanese, and not perhaps by the British tax-payer, but nevertheless we, and we alone, are responsible for the whole business. It is difficult to ascertain the real motive of these attacks on Suakim. They may arise from the restlessness of a warlike community, which prefers military adventures to peaceful labour; or from a genuine patriotic desire to expel a detested interloper from the coast-town which he occupies; or from a belief that if the English could be got rid of the slave-trade might be re-established as in the good old days before Gordon was heard of; or lastly they may arise—as some competent critics declare—from the oppressive action of the Egyptian authorities. Anyhow, something decisive ought to be done. The prospect of a chronic continuance of these petty hostilities is deplorable. It is always the same old story. There are bands of "friendlies," who are "friendlies" one week, and "unfriendlies" the next; there are slaughterers of so-called "rebels," who might quite as reasonably be called "patriots"; and there is a constant sacrifice of European lives during the almost unendurable summer heats. Anyhow, do not let us shirk our responsibility by pretending that all this is the business of the Egyptian Government. The Egyptian Government means the British Government, and nothing else.

BLIZZARDS, COLD AND HOR.—Were it not that American journalists and telegraphists are proverbially veracious, English readers of the description of the great "blizzard" that has just swept over the Western States might question the accuracy of some of the details. It is reported, for instance, that the mercury in the thermometer fell 102 degrees in twenty-four hours, and that a poor woman who had just stepped outside to have a look for her husband was frozen to death on the spot. After this, it is something of an anti-climax to read that not more than two hundred persons lost their lives in the six States that chiefly suffered from the visitation. One would have expected

several thousands, at least, to have died if the cold was so intense as to freeze persons only exposed to it for a minute or two. Whether the story be exaggerated or not, a blizzard is, undoubtedly, a fearful wild fowl. Except that the one is icy cold, and carries with it a dense atmosphere of fine snow, while the other is hot as the breath of Hades, and sand-laden to absolute opacity, the American blizzard very closely resembles the "dust-storm" so disagreeably known to Anglo-Indians and Australians. Both are preceded by calm; both give very short notice of their approach; both swiftly spread upwards towards the zenith—the one dusky white, the other lurid yellow; both burst with a great roar of roaring wind; and both are said to purify the air. It is a stern method of purification: people have been known to drop down dead in Indian dust-storms, suffocated by the whirling sand and fiery atmosphere. But the blizzard is a still more deadly foe. Human beings can struggle for a time even in a temperature of 110 or 112 degrees; but when the mercury falls to 24 degrees below zero—that is, 56 degrees of frost—anything like a high wind means death to all who fall in with the icy current. Fortunately, the North-eastern States and Canada appear to be pretty well exempt from blizzards, or we should hear of tragedies by the side of which the present calamity would appear a trifle.

PEOPLE'S PALACES.—The People's Palace at the East End is so remarkably successful that a movement has been started for the establishment of like institutions in other parts of London. The matter has been taken in hand by a good many energetic philanthropists, and we may hope that their efforts will soon lead to thoroughly satisfactory results. There can be no doubt that institutions of this kind, if properly organised and conducted, might exercise a most powerful and wholesome influence over large classes of the population. An increasing number of working men are eager to find opportunities of instruction and refined entertainment, and at People's Palaces such opportunities might be provided in abundance. On Monday a deputation waited on the Charity Commissioners to urge that the movement should be supported in South London by grants from the funds to be administered under the City of London Parochial Charities Act, 1883. Some members of the deputation went so far as to ask that the Commissioners should forthwith promise to provide 150,000*l.* so that three Palaces might at once be founded. This was, of course, an unreasonable request, but the Commissioners showed that they were prepared to act handsomely in the matter if it could be proved that the object commanded deep and widespread sympathy. All that is needed is that a subscription-list should be opened. If this is done, we do not doubt that many well-off people will be glad to do what they can to promote so good a cause. Hitherto the East End has perhaps received a disproportionate amount of attention. The southern districts of London are not less urgently in need of aid, and if an appeal on their behalf is made in the right way, it will certainly meet with a speedy and generous response.

OUR MERCHANT NAVY.—John Bull is so fond of growling over all kinds of grievances, depressed trade, foreign competition, German clerks, and Polish-Jew artisans, that no wonder the people of other countries, who don't know what a persistent grumbler the old boy is, sometimes fancy that the sun of his Empire is really going to set. To one bright spot, at any rate, John may turn his eyes with satisfaction. As regards his mercantile marine, he whips all creation. There is nothing else like it on the planet. Withdraw the British mercantile navy from the commercial fleets of the world, and the salt-water conveyance business of the world would be sorely crippled. All this, too, has been accomplished without Government aid, and in spite of keen competition from the subsidised vessels of other countries. Let us, then, for once abandon our doleful tone, and indulge in a little brag. It is seasonable just now, when the P. and O. Company is about to signalise the New Year by a series of changes, all conducing to the speed and convenience of shippers and travellers. Thirty years ago the fleet of this Company's vessels was considered to constitute a magnificent array; yet how astonishing has been the advance since then in size, tonnage, swiftness, and number! Yet the P. and O. is only one British fleet out of several which serve to bridge the oceans of the globe. There is the Orient—their rivals in the Anti-podal traffic—there are the South African lines, and there are numerous Atlantic companies, headed by the Cunard, which have made America almost as easy of access as Scotland was a hundred years ago. Unlike our fighting Navy, which quite possibly might prove a failure under the stress of actual conflict, our merchant Navy is a proved success, and its triumphs are far more glorious than those of war. It invades every seaboard; it peppers the inhabitants, not with mutilating shot and shell, but with much-desired boxes and bales; it lands its troops everywhere; but they go not to slaughter and destroy, they go to enrich and be enriched again. These are matters concerning which it is indeed justifiable to boast.

FROM A MAHOMEDAN EASEL.—Following up the severe strictures lately passed by Sir Lepel Griffin on Bengali conceit and arrogance, Sir Syed Ahmed, a representative Mahomedan, has dealt with the same matter from a Moslem standpoint. His conclusions are much the same as those of

the English Pro-Consul, only more vigorously expressed. Both see in the Bengalis an effeminate and unwarlike race who thanks to their intellectual subtlety, are not unsuccessfully posing as the champions of downtrodden India. The so-called "National Congress" is mainly their handiwork; it was they who got it up, and whatever representative character it has achieved is solely due to their clever imitation of caucus methods. Waxing indignant at the bare idea of such enormity, Sir Syed Ahmed asked his co-religionists, and all other warlike races in the peninsula, whether they would accept as a ruler one "who at the sight of a table-knife would crawl under a chair," and whether they would "lick Bengali shoes." "Brave 'orts," truly, but one cannot quite forget that the race of whom these hard things are said has somehow managed to almost monopolise all the State offices that are open to natives. That is a sore blow to Mahomedan pride; it chafes men like Sir Syed Ahmed to see those who would have not a chance with his people, if it came to hard fighting, thrusting them out of those loaves and fishes which, a century back, were equally monopolised by the Mahomedans. Truly has the whirligig of time brought round a very sweet revenge to the mild Bengali. But where would he be were the British *raj*, which he never wearies of railing at, to cease? He would pretty soon wish the English back again, with or without representative government, nor would he raise his voice even if they gagged the Press and made seditious speechifying a penal offence.

MR. PARNELL'S COUNSEL.—Mr. Parnell's advice to his adherents and to English Radicals is that they should altogether abstain from Obstruction during the coming Session of Parliament. He does not pretend that he offers this counsel for the good of England. His conviction is that Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, so long as Ireland alone is in question, will be able to work cordially together, but that as soon as English difficulties have to be dealt with they will be compelled to separate. Hence, he thinks, the best way to break up the alliance is to give the Government free scope for the introduction of English measures. Whether his anticipations are correct or not, it is satisfactory to know that Parliament may at least have a chance of doing sound work. It is almost incredible that if the opportunity is granted it will not be taken advantage of. The principal measure of the Session will of course be the Local Government Bill; and the Conservatives, very naturally, are anxious that it shall give effect to the ideas on the subject which have always prevailed in the Tory party. They ought not to forget, however, that the present Government is not, in the strict sense of the term, a Conservative Cabinet. It is a Unionist rather than a Tory Ministry. It owes its power to the support of Lord Hartington, without whose aid it could not hold office for a week after the meeting of Parliament. Unless, therefore, the Conservatives are prepared to run the risk of bringing about a Dissolution, it is necessary that they should make concessions to the Liberal Unionists; and there can be little doubt that this will in the end become obvious to them, if they have not already realised it. They must see that, from their own point of view, it is infinitely more important to maintain the alliance from which such great results have sprung than to secure a temporary advantage on the question as to the proper method of electing County Boards.

THE POPULAR LOVE OF DISPLAY.—We are better off in some respects than our mediæval forefathers, but in one matter they had an advantage over us. What with his rich dress and his retinue no grandee could stir abroad without creating a sensation. Nowadays persons of equal wealth and influence dress like everybody else, and travel in hansom cabs and first-class carriages. All the more reason, then, for preserving as much public display as possible. The Parisians are especially fond of show and spectacle, yet, till the other day, the irony of fate had provided them with a President and a British Ambassador who afforded them very little entertainment in this line. President Grévy's chief relaxations were billiard-playing and partridge-shooting, estimable pursuits, but not partaking of the nature of public functions. Lord Lyons was an excellent man of business, but latterly, as regarded the outside world, he was almost a hermit. President Carnot and Lord Lytton seem in this important respect to be a great improvement on their immediate forerunners. The new President regards it as a public duty to keep himself *en évidence*, while Lord and Lady Lytton have just given a reception at the Embassy which was attended by nearly three thousand persons. In these days, when every Ambassador has a telegraph-wire twisted round his leg, of which wire Lord Salisbury holds the other end, he might as well be replaced by a fairly capable Consul, unless he makes himself personally influential. We therefore hail the new régime with satisfaction.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS.—A grand æsthetic battle may shortly be expected, with the usual complimentary accompaniments. After taking full time and something more to consider the matter, the Metropolitan Board of Works has decided that the open spaces at Piccadilly Circus shall be left free from buildings. This is something to be thankful for; the place could not stand any more architectural ornamentation, either of the florid Criterion type, or of the chaste severity of the

opposite music hall. In the distant future, however, the upper and larger space is to receive a certain embellishment; to wit, "a statue or other work of art." Really, we begin to wish the dingy old houses back again. They were not exactly lovely, it is true, but they had a certain picturesqueness on foggy days, whereas the average metropolitan statue looks hideous at all times. The only comfort is that many a year will probably elapse before Lord Magheramorne's awful threat is fulfilled, and perhaps by that time the Board of Works may have lost its taste for statuary. Are there no other ways of beautifying our open spaces than by filling them with bronze castings, at which no one gives a second look even when they have artistic merit? To do honour to the illustrious dead is all very well in its way, but in this matter of street ornamentation the time has fully come for Londoners to do honour to the illustrious living. Why not try to make the Circus pretty and pleasant? We should be able to compass that much, at all events. Fountains and greenery go well together, and were the two plots laid out in that manner—good taste, of course, presiding—they would present an agreeable appearance enough, both in summer and winter. Leicester Square bears witness to what can be done with these simple adjuncts to give a look of brightness and freshness to a desert area, and we see no reason why the lesson should not be turned to account at the Piccadilly triangle, beloved haunt of the masher.

EVENING NEWSPAPERS.—Two more candidates for popular favour have recently been added to the roll of London evening journalism. First, the *Evening Post*, or rather the *Evening* —, for the *Morning Post* indignantly declares that it is no child of hers, and if the *interim* injunction now obtained should be made perpetual, the newly-hatched bantling will have to go blank to the end of its days, or change the second half of its name. Next the *Star*, which, like its defunct namesake of five-and-twenty years ago, goes in for undiluted Radicalism, and will no doubt command the suffrages of numerous persons who object to the Unionist politics of the two previously-existing halfpenny papers. There can be no doubt that, speaking generically, the evening Press has made great strides of late years. Judging from our recollection of five-and-thirty and forty years ago, the evening prints of those days were rather dull and spiritless publications. Railways and electricity have revolutionised this as well as many other departments of industry. London was once the fountain-head of news, and the papers had to be published early in order that provincials might get them before they went to bed. But now, as regards priority of news, all the country, indeed all the European Continent, is practically on a level. The result is that the importance of the evening journal increases. When also we remember that the morning is the time for work and the evening for leisure, it is quite possible that in the twentieth century the big papers will not appear till the afternoon; the appetite of the morning readers being slaked by a four-page sheet of small dimensions, containing a condensed summary of the most striking items of the previous day's intelligence—just as much, in fact, as a man can comfortably get through during his twenty minutes or half-hour's journey to business.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, giving an ACCOUNT of the WORK of the ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION, written and illustrated by Charles J. Staniland, R.I.

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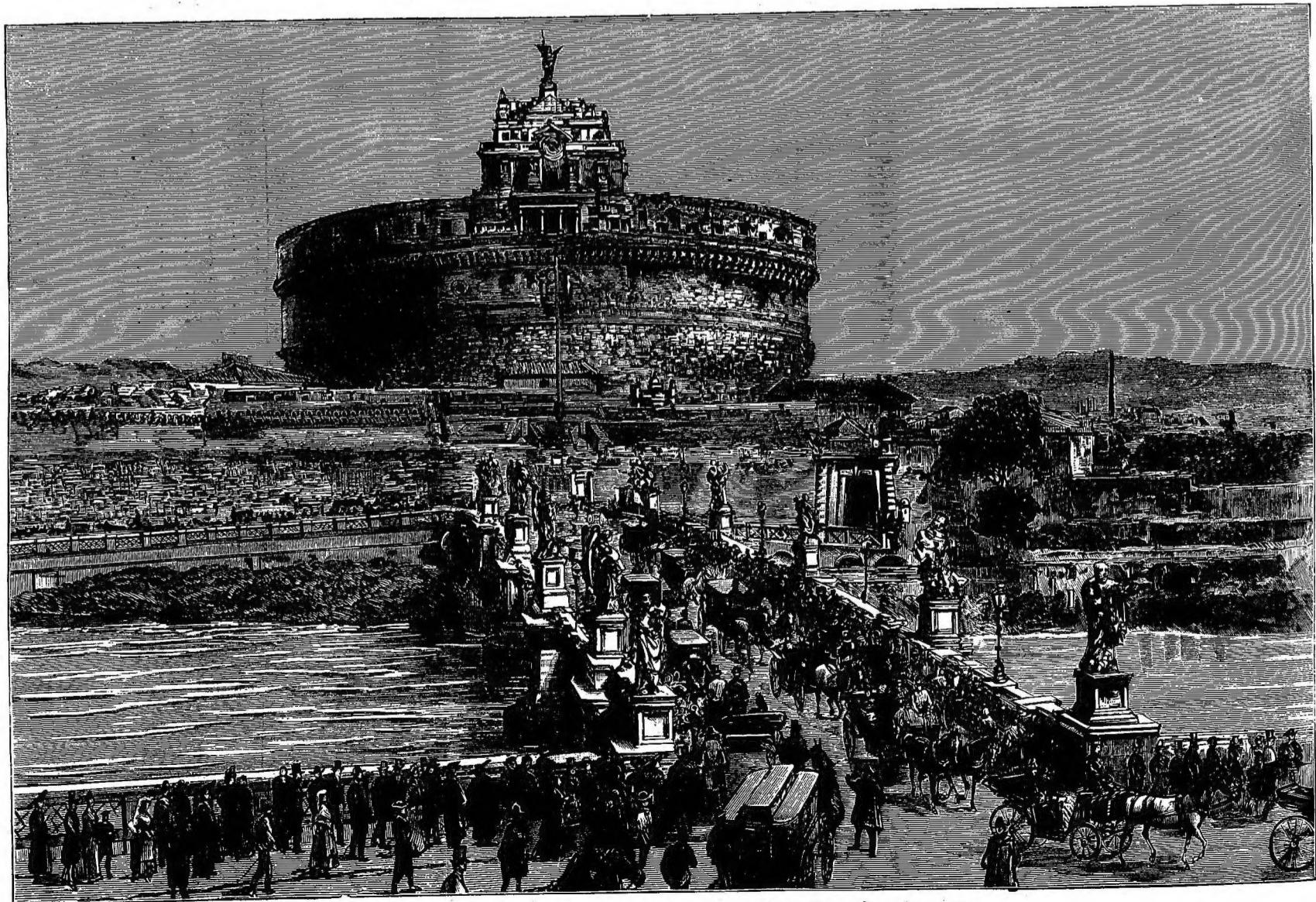
FOR full particulars see Time Book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate Circus Office. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

CRUISE to the MEDITERRANEAN and BLACK SEA.—The Steam Yacht VICTORIA, 1,804 Tons Register, 1,500 Horse Power (R. D. Lunham, Commander, late of S. Y. Ceylon), will, on the 4th February, be despatched from Gravesend for a Seventy-five Days' Cruise, calling at Lisbon, Malaga, Naples, Palermo, Corfu, Piraeus, Constantinople, the Crimea, Smyrna, Rhodes, Beyrouth, Jaffa, Alexandria, Malta, Tunis, Bougie, Algiers, Gibraltar, and Tangier. The Victoria is fitted with the Electric Light and all Modern Improvements. About 1st November next it is proposed to make a CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD. For particulars and cards to view the ship, apply to Manager, Steam Yacht Victoria Office, Carlton Chambers, 4, Regent Street, S.W.

NO SHIPPING or CALAMITOUS DISASTER of the SEA can occur without the promptest Charitable Aid being immediately available for the shipwrecked sailor himself, or the urgent necessities of his destitute widow and orphans, at the hands of THE SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN and MARINERS ROYAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, as the One National Maritime Relief Organization of the Empire. Instituted 1839; duly incorporated by Parliament, 1850; under patronage of H.M. The Queen, and presidency of Admiral H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh; and embracing in addition to its above more charitable functions, a Thrift encouraging Self-help Section, in which upwards of 10,000 Fishermen and Mariners are providentially employed at nominal payments, as Beneficiary Members. Annually relieved under Charitable and Beneficiary Sections, through the Society's 1,000 Honorary Agencies on the Coast, Abroad, &c., between 11,000 and 12,000 persons. In view of the support of these distinctly National Objects, during the pressing claims of another stormy winter, FUNDS are earnestly APPEALED for by the Society's Board of Management. Bankers—Williams, Deacon, and Co. Secretary—William R. Buck, Esq., the Society's Central Office, Sailors' Home Chambers, Dock Street, London, E.



THE PIAZZA OF ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN ON JUBILEE DAY



THE CROWD CROSSING THE BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO ON THE WAY TO ST. PETER'S
CELEBRATION OF THE POPE'S SACERDOTAL JUBILEE IN ROME



IN ST. PETER'S: KISSING THE TOE OF THE GREAT BRONZE STATUE OF ST. PETER



THE ARMY OF THE CHURCH AND THE ARMY OF THE STATE: SWISS GUARDS AT THE VATICAN
WATCHING THE ITALIAN TROOPS KEEPING THE STREETS

CELEBRATION OF THE POPE'S SACERDOTAL JUBILEE IN ROME



THE TITHE WAR IN NORTH WALES

THE tithe difficulty has recently assumed a new aspect. The Welsh clergy, acting through the Clergy Defence Association, and under the advice of a firm of London solicitors, have employed their combined powers in enforcing the payment of tithes due to them in a large agricultural district of Flintshire surrounding the market-town of Holywell. The whole organisation has the support of the Home Office. Operations were begun on January 10th, when a detachment of fifty men of the 13th Hussars from Manchester, acting in conjunction with a body of sixty constables, travelled from Chester and Rhyl respectively in two parties by early morning trains. There were also present a body of specials, or emergency men. These men are army sergeants from various regiments on furlough. They wear a quasi-military uniform, and carry police batons. The police were under the command of Deputy Chief Constable Bolton. Mr. Bolton, who was accompanied by our artist, first drove up to the gateway of Isglau Farm, where they were courteously received by the farmer, who served them with coffee. A dense fog prevailed, and neither soldiers nor police had arrived, but presently some of the leaders of the anti-tithe agitation appeared in a waggonette, and harangued the assembled public. However, they counselled moderation, and advised them to advocate for the removal of "this iniquitous tax" by Parliamentary methods. The leaders of the invading expedition had purposely misled the mob as to their destination. Isglau Farm, instead of being distrained upon first, was visited last. At length the force was discovered on the road to Whitford, it occupied at least half-a-mile of road. The emergency men were in front; then the police with waggons for removing haystacks; then carriages containing officials and solicitors; and lastly the Hussars, bringing up the rear. The first farm visited was that of Mr. Edward Williams, of Pentre Ffynnon, the local secretary of the League. Two of his haystacks were offered for sale, and bought in by Mr. Williams under protest, he paying 70/-, and receiving the balance after the tithes and costs had been deducted. In all five farms were visited. The anti-tithe leaders, in addressing the people, described the business of the day as the funeral of a foreign Church in Wales, and advised the people who were coming to a meeting that evening in Holywell to appear with crape round their hats, as being appropriate at a Burial Service. The operations went off without disturbance, but this was no doubt owing to the presence of the soldiers, as thousands of peasants were scattered about the fields all armed with formidable sticks. As there are still upwards of four hundred distrants to be levied in the county of Flint, and as the distances are great, and most of the ground rough and hilly, the expedition will require more than a month to get through their thankless task.—Our illustrations are from sketches taken on the spot by Mr. Edwin A. Norbury.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE—NOTES IN ROME

FROM the earliest hour on New Year's morning the Bridge of St. Angelo and the Piazza of St. Peter's were thronged with dense crowds, all anxious to obtain admittance to the Pope's Jubilee Service. The civic authorities had taken every precaution to maintain order: a line of soldiers, four deep, had been stationed in front of the steps leading to the Cathedral; and the whole of the Vatican had been surrounded by troops—a force of nearly three thousand being under arms, apart from the ordinary police and gendarmes. The struggle for admission at the entrance-doors has been described as terrific; but no disorder or untoward incident of any kind is reported to have occurred. Our illustrations are from sketches by Major-General H. G. Robley, who depicts in one of them the Papal Swiss Guards looking out from the window of the corridor of the Vatican, at the Bersaglieri, or King's troops, who were keeping order outside. Clad in their variegated uniform—typical like their own organisation of a bygone age—these relics of the Pontifical army criticised the dapper-looking light infantry of Italy's new era, who, with their headgear of cock's feathers, presented a strange contrast to the mediæval bearing of the Pope's Body Guard. The scene carried thoughtful spectators back to that day in September, 1870, when the Royal troops, entering Rome, occupied that very street, and the Papal Guards retreated into the Vatican, of which they still remain the nominal guardians. The Swiss Guards are a very fine-looking set of men, and present a handsome appearance in their full dress cuirass and plumed helmet. Beyond the stand of rifles and fixed swords in General Robley's sketch stands one of the Palatine Guard and a monk and a priest. Another illustration shows devotees kissing the toe of the bronze statue of St. Peter in the Cathedral—a duty which no good Roman Catholic fails to perform, as the well-polished surface of the saint's toe plainly testifies.

FANCY BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE

AND

CONFERENCE OF MUSICIANS,

See page 60.

MR. JOHN WALTER, OF THE "TIMES"

As on New Year's Day the *Times* celebrated its centenary, we publish a portrait and biography of Mr. Walter, the principal proprietor of that journal. His grandfather and namesake, the founder, printer, conductor, and first editor of the *Times*, was not by profession either a printer or a journalist. He was fifty years old, and had already made and lost a fortune as an underwriter at Lloyd's when the first number of the *Times* was published. In the year 1797-1798 he recalled his younger son from Oxford to take part in the management of the business. The second Mr. Walter mastered was also a man of great energy, sagacity, and tenacity of purpose. He became sole manager of the *Times* in 1803, and before his death, in 1847—when he was succeeded by his eldest son, the present Mr. John Walter—he had made the *Times* the leading journal of the world. The subject of our notice, the third "King John" who has ruled in Printing House Square, was born in London in 1818, was educated at Eton and Oxford (where he graduated with honours), and called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1847. He sat in Parliament in the Liberal-Conservative interest for Nottingham from 1847 till 1859, when he was elected for Berks, and continued to represent that county up till 1885, except between 1865 and 1868, when he was out of Parliament. After the dissolution of 1885, Mr. Walter did not offer himself for re-election. Mr. Walter built the new offices of the *Times* in Printing House Square, and also the magnificent house at Bearwood, Berks. Mr. Walter has been twice married, first in 1842 to Emily Frances, daughter of the late Major Henry Court, of Castleman (this lady died in 1858); and secondly, in 1861 to Flora, third daughter of the late J. M. Macnabb, Esq., of Highfield Park. By his first wife, Mr. Walter had several children; his eldest son, Arthur Fraser, was born in 1846.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Barraud, 263, Oxford Street.

MR. BONAMY PRICE,

THE well-known Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, who had for some time been in failing health, died on January 8th at his residence in London. He was born in Guernsey in 1807, and was educated at High Wycombe and Worcester College, Oxford, where in 1829 he took a double-first class. Price had been an occasional pupil of Dr. Arnold at Leamington, and when the latter became headmaster at Rugby School, he offered Price (of whom he had formed a very high opinion) the Mathematical Mastership. This situation Price accepted in 1830, and remained in connection with the School for twenty years longer; during the latter part of the time he had charge of the celebrated form known as "The Twenty," which was composed of the picked boys of the fifth form. It is said that after Arnold's death Price might have been appointed to the Head Mastership, had he been willing to take Holy Orders. Between 1850 and 1868 (in which latter year he was appointed Professor of Political Economy) Mr. Price lived in London, and devoted much of his time to business affairs. The Professorship was hotly contested with Mr. Thorold Rogers, who had previously held the chair, but who was regarded by many of the members of Convocation as a dangerous Radical. Professor Price was the author of numerous books and pamphlets, one of the most suggestive of which was his "Currency and Banking," 1876. He also sat on several Royal Commissions. Never was there a man in whom the ardour to convince and the enthusiasm to impart burnt more fiercely than in Bonamy Price. Both in speaking and in writing he was master of a cogent, clear, and incisive style, and if he did not always convince his hearers, he compelled them to think for themselves, and to think to good purpose. Mr. Bonamy Price was married in 1834 to the daughter of the Rev. Joseph Rose, Vicar of Rothley. By this lady, who survives him, he had five daughters, all of whom are living and married.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street, W.

THE WAR SCARE ON THE CONTINENT—TYPES OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY

NEVER in the whole history of Europe has there been such an array of tremendous armies as are now ready to be called into action at a few days' notice in France, Germany, Austria, Russia, and Italy, representing a total aggregate of some dozen millions of men. In the face of such stupendous forces as these, a considerable portion of which is always under arms, it is not a matter of surprise that Europe of late years has been full of rumours of wars, and that each nation is watching the military manœuvres of its neighbours with the closest jealousy, and is in a fever of excitement if any unusual movements of troops take place on the frontiers. For the past few months both Germany and Austria have been regarding Russia with much suspicion, owing to numerous frontier fortresses which the Muscovites are building and placing in order, and to the undoubted fact that large bodies of Russian troops have been brought from the interior, and stationed somewhat significantly near the border. As a *casus belli* between Russia and Austria lies conveniently handy in the never-ending Bulgarian crisis, Austria-Hungary in particular has been rendered uneasy, and her Government has asked and obtained Parliamentary grants for making precautionary preparations. Last September there were some highly important military manœuvres in Transylvania, which afforded foreign critics an opportunity of judging for themselves of the value of the various branches of the Austro-Hungarian Army. The general figures of the Austrian and Russian armies on a war footing are roughly given as follows: Russia, 2,151,000 men and 3,786 guns; Austria, 1,044,319 men and 1,592 guns. Austria, however, though possessing the smaller force, undoubtedly has the advantage in having more disciplined troops, and in maintaining her soldiers within a more concentrated area than her neighbour. In a series of articles on the Austrian troops, a writer in the *Times* praises both officers and men most highly. He characterises the infantry as good marchers, silent, quiet, docile, and observing good discipline, though dashing in a charge. The cavalry move with speed and precision, are very pliable and hardy, and do reconnaissance work admirably. Better light horsemen could hardly be found, though the writer thinks that "in a parallel charge a squadron of Hungarian Hussars would have no chance against the heavy cavalry of any foreign nation, for they would be borne down by sheer weight of their opponents." The artillery also have but light and small horses, but they seem up to their work, and even the heavy field batteries move over considerable distances at a trot and gallop. Their tactics are described as excellent. As a rule they take up a position at the beginning of an action, and change but little during its course, though on occasions they dash up to support their infantry by a close artillery fire. The above figures do not include the final reserves in either Austrian or Russian armies, the latter amounting in all to nearly four and a-half millions on paper. Experts, however, are of opinion that Austria is really as "effectively" strong as Russia, while as to the relative organisation here is a little anecdote. An Austrian cavalry officer was asked by a Russian officer, "How much do you make out of your squadron?" The Austrian at first did not understand the question, but on the Russian making his meaning clear, was speedily informed that in Austria officers more often spend money out of their own pockets than make a profit out of their regiments.

THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

See pp. 65 et seqq.

"THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 69.

SEINING AT SAGHALIEN

OUR sketches are by Mr. C. W. Cole, Paymaster R.N., who tells us that seining is a favourite amusement with the Blue-jackets in our Navy, who, apart from the sport, are glad to vary with a dish or two of fresh food their rations of "Miss Fanny Adams," as they term the preserved meat and lime-juice. Her Majesty's ships are now supplied with service seines, and seining, although there is a tendency on the part of those concerned to be too zealous and get very wet, is usually a merry time. Bonfires are lit on shore, and when returning from even a small catch Jack returns singing right gaily, with, perhaps, a little "saki" thrown in to make his heart still more glad. On the occasion we illustrate, six-and-a-half hundred-weight of fine wholesome fish were taken, including some turbot, plaice, and dabs, one of the last-named weighing sixteen pounds, and exciting much controversy as to its rank and precedence in previous noteworthy "catches."

SPORT IN CEYLON—SHOOTING A MAN-EATING CROCODILE

CROCODILES abound in Ceylon, and in many places the natives will "salaam" in dread to the water. At Galle, in the southern province, a saurian was lately killed, whose stomach was found to contain two human skulls. The crocodiles are very wary, and difficult to kill, and generally manage to sink themselves out of sight.

Our sketches are by Major-General H. G. Robley, who writes:—"My first represents the trail of a big saurian being discovered on a water-side bank. No. 2 refers to the arrangements made at a neighbouring village for bait, so as to get a sure shot. It is tedious work waiting for the man-eater to come out of the water, but a fat

native child as a lure will make the monster speedily walk out of his aqueous lair. Contracting for the loan of a chubby infant, however, is a matter of some negotiation, and it is perhaps not to be wondered at that mamas occasionally object to their offspring being pegged down as food for a great crocodile; but there are always some parents to be found whose confidence in the skill of the British sportsman is unlimited. No. 3 gives a view of the collapse of the man-eater, who, after viewing the tempting morsel tethered carefully to a bamboo near the water's edge, makes a rush through the sedges. The sportsman, hidden behind a bed of reeds, then fires, the bullet penetrates the heart, and the monster is dead in a moment. The little bait, whose only alarm has been caused by the report of the rifle, is now taken home by its doting mother for its matutinal banana. The natives wait to get the musky flesh of the animal, and the sportsman secures the scaly skin and the massive head of porous bone as a trophy."

NOTE.—Mr. A. W. Crawford M'Fall, Lieutenant in the King's Own Light Infantry, now at Karachi, Scinde, India, supplied us with the sketches of "Christmas in Barracks," published in our Christmas Number last year.



ROYAL ACADEMY, III.

THE collection of bronze statuettes and group-busts in terra-cotta and marble, reliefs, and medals of the Renaissance period, ranged in the Water-Colour Room, is not likely to attract much popular attention; but the artist and the student of history will find them in the highest degree interesting. Passing a series of reliefs in coloured *gesso duro* of very early date, remarkable chiefly for their quaint simplicity and obvious sincerity of purpose, we come upon a roundel, in very low relief, of "The Virgin and Child," supposed to be an early work of Luca della Robbia. It is finely modelled, and has great beauty of composition. The same qualities are seen in the enamelled terra-cotta by this original artist's nephew and pupil, Andrea, lent by Mr. Holman Hunt. It is remarkable, moreover, for the natural grace of the Virgin, who is bending over the child. A low relief, in slate, of a head seen in profile by Donatello is called "St. Cecilia," but there is nothing saint-like in the character or expression of the lovely face. It is, however, a work of rare beauty, and modelled in excellent style. Nothing can be said that has not often been said before of Michael Angelo's unfinished circular relief of "The Holy Family," belonging to the Academy. It is beyond all comparison the noblest work in the collection. A terra-cotta bust of "Lorenzo de Medici," ascribed to Antonio Pollaiuolo, and supposed to have been moulded from the face after death, is remarkable for largeness of style and complete modelling, as well as for its intense realism. A still finer portrait-bust, also in terra-cotta, of an old man, is believed to be by Benvenuto Cellini. Strangely enough, this has by some been attributed to Baccio Bandinelli, whose work Cellini often speaks of with profound contempt. Whoever modelled it, was master of his art.

The small works in cases are full of interest, but too numerous to be considered in detail. By Giovanni da Bologna there is an admirable little bronze group, "Hercules killing Cacus," almost identical in design with the large work in the Loggia dei Lanzi at Florence, and a smaller statuette of "A Man drawing a Sword," almost equally fine. Among other fine examples of Florentine art are a small terra-cotta figure, "The Dead Christ," attributed—apparently with good reason—to Michael Angelo; a circular relief of "The Virgin and Child," by Ghiberti; and a reduced copy in bronze of his celebrated equestrian statue of the "Condottiere Gattamelata at Padua," by Donatello. There are many candlesticks and inkstands remarkable for their beauty of design and perfect workmanship, and a very large number of bronze and silver medals that, to be rightly appreciated, require closer examination than in their present position is possible.

MR. E. H. BEARNE'S DRAWINGS

MR. M'LEAN'S Gallery in the Haymarket is now occupied by a series of nearly a hundred water-colours painted during the last year in Switzerland and Italy by Mr. E. H. Bearne, to whom the Turner medal has been awarded by the Academy. Mr. Bearne has not yet acquired much mastery over the mysteries of atmosphere and light, and consequently succeeds best when the materials of his subject are near at hand. His extensive Alpine views show accurate draughtsmanship of mountain form, but they fail to convey an impression of vast magnitude and space. He, however, depicts the picturesque architecture of old Italian towns with fidelity and great artistic skill. A large proportion of the drawings, including some of the best, have been painted in Florence. There are several views of the "Ponte Vecchio," in one of which the effect of bright moonlight on the ancient edifice is extremely well rendered. The artist has found abundant matter suited to his style in the picturesque nooks and by-ways of the city. The "Arcade in the Mercato Vecchio," with many well-grouped figures; and the view from the same locality in which the cupola of the Cathedral and the Campanile are seen towering above the dilapidated old buildings in the foreground, are perhaps the best of many things of the kind, but they are all ably executed, and strikingly true in local colour.

THE LANGHAM SKETCHING CLUB

A VERY interesting collection of pictures and sketches in oil and water-colour by members of this association of artists may now be seen at Mr. Arthur Vokes' Gallery in Baker Street. The Society was formed in 1830 in Clipstone Street, and assumed its present title after its removal, some twenty years later, to the spacious premises it still occupies near Langham Place. A large proportion of the most eminent English artists who have lived within the last half-century have been among its members. Very few of the works in the present collection are of recent date, and several of them are by deceased painters. These include a very early monotone drawing by Frederick Walker, "The Haunted House"; a masterly landscape, "Nature's Mirror," by George Dodgson; and a sea-coast study, "Twilight," in his best style, by Edward Duncan. There is a capital water-colour sketch of the last-named painter engaged in his work, by Mr. H. Tidey; and beside it a characteristic portrait, by Mr. G. Kilburne, of Mr. J. Absolon, of the Royal Institute, who is himself well represented by an excellent sketch of a miser counting his gold. By Mr. Frank Dicksee there is a finely-designed group of two figures, illustrating Longfellow's "Evangeline," and by Mr. T. Walter Wilson, a very humorous little black-and-white drawing, called "Gone Away." Among other things deserving attention are the landscape studies by Mr. J. Aumonier, Mr. H. Moore, and Mr. T. B. Hardy, and some slight sketches of ancient date by Mr. H. S. Marks, Mr. Charles Keene, Mr. J. E. Hodgson, and Mr. Calderon. A very forcibly painted oil sketch of "The Langham Sketching Club at Clipstone Street in 1835" is attributed to the late I. D. Wingfield, but is certainly not his work.

MONTICELLI'S WORKS

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL are exhibiting at their Gallery in New Bond Street, a collection of pictures and sketches by an artist hitherto quite unknown in this country, and who achieved no very widely-spread reputation in his own. A prefatory note to the catalogue informs us that Adolphe Monticelli was born of Italian parents in Marseilles, that he lived and worked, during the greater part of his life in Paris, and eventually died in his native city of Paris, induced by excessive indulgence in absinthe. The present works clearly show that he was gifted with strong artistic instinct, and a very fine sense of colour. They are, however, of strangely unequal value. The best of them, together with rare beauty of colour, show poetic fancy and a fine feeling for harmony of line, while many others are remarkable only for their incoherence and excessive and quite unmeaning *impasto*. The influence of other artists, especially Watteau, Isabey, and Diaz, is seen in several of Monticelli's early works; but those of later date are marked by originality and distinct individuality of style. He certainly was not an accurate draughtsman; but the figures in many of the pictures, though undefined in form, are strongly suggestive of natural beauty and grace of movement. This, together with the other characteristic qualities of his art, are perhaps best seen in "L'Invocation aux Dieux," "Fête dans le Jardin d'un Palais," and "Au Bord de la Mer." The last-named seems to us the finest work in the room: it is a masterpiece of colour, and is remarkable besides for its perfect balance of composition and complete harmony of effect.



POLITICAL ITEMS.—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, addressing his constituents at Bristol on Tuesday, said that Ireland should be administered and legislated for in a bold and sympathetic spirit of statesmanship, but the English and Scotch constituencies must and could convince the Irish that a separate Irish Parliament and Executive are impossible. He did not think that England ever had a Government which, under the greatest difficulties, endeavoured to do its duty more honestly and faithfully than the present Ministers, his "late colleagues."—Mr. Parnell, while avoiding public speaking, has been unbosoming himself to a representative of the *Freeman's Journal*. Practically, the most important of his statements arose out of the belief which he professed to entertain that the English legislation of the Government during the coming Session would disintegrate the Unionist party. Viewing such a prospect with satisfaction, he expressed a desire that the separated minority should not by obstruction delay the introduction of the Ministerial measures which are to bring about that, to him, desirable consummation. "Let the Government," he said, "get to work upon their English Bills as soon as possible would be my advice to the free lances of the Liberal party." In spite of Mr. Parnell's sinister prognostications, Lord Salisbury will doubtless be well satisfied if that advice is taken.—Mr. Shaw Lefevre, speaking at Tunstall, reiterated, in spite of Lord Salisbury's recent contradiction, his assertion that there was a Home Rule party in the Conservative Cabinet of 1885, and quoted Mr. Justin McCarthy as saying that he had had interviews with Sir Drummond-Wolff and a Conservative Whip, who, on the part of Lord Salisbury, wished to negotiate with him on the question of Home Rule. Sir Drummond-Wolff, in reply, states emphatically that "that these assertions have not the remotest vestige of foundation."—Mr. Mattinson, Recorder of Blackburn, is the Conservative candidate for the seat in the Walton Division of Liverpool, vacant through the promotion to the Irish Bench of Mr. Gibson, who at the General Election had a majority of 1,181 over his Gladstonian opponent.—Sir Edward Clarke, the Solicitor-General, speaking in support of the candidature of Mr. Darling, Q.C., for Deptford, referred to Mr. Evelyn's determination not to resign the seat until after Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's release, as showing that the Gladstonian canvass of the borough proved Mr. Darling's return to be assured.—General Sir Henry Daly (L.U.), an Anglo-Indian officer, and ex-official of great distinction, who stood for Dundee at the last General Election, will be the candidate for the seat in that borough becoming vacant through Mr. Lacaita's resignation, and will receive the combined support of the Liberal Unionists and the Conservatives.

IRELAND.—The steady enforcement of the law continues to bear good fruit even in districts once notorious for being prolific of outrage. As was recently stated in this column, Judge Curran was presented with a pair of white gloves in the division of Killarney, formerly one of the most disturbed districts of one of the most disturbed of counties, Kerry. The same judge, when this week opening the January sessions at Tralee, the chief town in Kerry, found his duty very light, there being only four cases to come before him, and not one of them affecting the peace of the county. He congratulated the Grand Jury on the cessation of moonlighting and the diminution of boycotting in their county. People, he said, are beginning to see that the strong arm of the law will protect those who stand up against crime.—Mr. W. J. Lane, M.P., has been sentenced to one month's imprisonment, without hard labour, for inciting the people to resist the law.—It is gratifying to learn that three men, convicted under the Crimes Act of boycotting the unfortunate Curtin family, have been sentenced to three months' imprisonment each, with hard labour.—Mr. Michael Davitt has attempted to support the extraordinary charge said to have been made by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt against Mr. Balfour, by declaring that "a few months ago" Mr. Blunt came to Dublin to warn him, among others, of the fate with which Mr. Balfour had threatened the Irish Home Rule leaders in a conversation with Mr. Blunt. Still the wonder grows that such startling revelations should have been bottled up for months in the breasts of those who were cognisant of them.

THE GRAND LODGE OF FREEMASONS having placed 500/- at the disposal of the Grand Master, the Prince of Wales, to be applied for the relief of metropolitan distress, his Royal Highness directed 100/- to be sent to the Lord Mayor for the Gardens and Pleasure Grounds (Mansion House) Fund, and the remaining 400/- to be distributed among the poor-boxes of the Metropolitan police courts.

AN INFLUENTIAL DEPUTATION have had an interview with two of the Charity Commissioners to ask for grants from funds at their disposal to found institutes in South London, which would be to that region what the People's Palace is to East London. They received a sympathetic reply, but were made distinctly to understand that the amount of any grant from the Commissioners would, as in other cases, depend upon the sum raised locally.

A BODY OF THE LEWIS CROFTERS, armed with scythes and pitchforks, renewed at one o'clock on Monday morning an attack on the fences of an obnoxious farmer, and, after a hand-to-hand fight, drove off the police force stationed to protect the farm, severely wounding some of them. The news of this fresh outrage reached Edinburgh while the trial was proceeding of the ringleaders in a recent raid on the deer on land in Lewis which the crofters asserted should be occupied by them. The jury acquitted the prisoners.

OUR OBITUARY records the death of Mr. John Edward Wallis, English Judge of the International Court of First Instance at Alexandria, well-known in London, from his long connection with the *Tablet*; in his seventy-first year, of Dr. H. J. Giraud, Inspector-General of H.M.'s Bombay Army, author of many contributions to

botanical and chemical literature, among them some valuable "Observations on Vegetable Embryology;" in his sixty-fifth year, of Mr. James D. Sim, formerly member of the Council of the Governor of Madras; in his seventy-second year, of Dr. K. M. Phin, one of the pillars of the Established Church of Scotland, in 1877 Moderator of the General Assembly, and latterly Convener of its Home Church Committee; in his eighty-second year, of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Joint-Convener and Secretary of the Sustentation Fund of the Free Church of Scotland, and in 1866 Moderator of its General Assembly; and in his seventy-third year, of Alderman Sir John Staples, an old and valued member of the City Corporation, who filled most successfully the office of Lord Mayor in 1886-7, dispensing hospitality worthy of it to distinguished visitors attracted to London by the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and organising Mansion House Funds for the relief of the Metropolitan unemployed, of the sufferers by the earthquakes at Charleston and in Greece, and by the hurricane at St. Vincent. At the close of his Mayoralty he was made K.C.M.G. He was the author of "Notes on the Church of St. Botolph Without, Aldersgate," printed for private circulation, and contributed largely to the compilation of the "History of the Guildhall."



A *Scrap of Paper*, which was produced at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre on Monday evening, is likely to be one of the most popular of the series of revivals of past successes which it is understood are to mark the closing months of the Hare and Kendall management. Based on M. Sardou's comedy, *Les Pattes de Mouche*, its foreign origin has not been wholly concealed by the adaptor's change of the *locale* to English soil; but the piece is bright and amusing, and the long-drawn-out combat of wits between Colonel Blake and Mrs. Hartley, the former defying the lady to find the hiding-place of her friend Lady Ingram's compromising letter, the latter resolute and confident of defeating him, bring out on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Kendall some admirable acting. Mr. Hare returns to the stage, from which he has been missing for some time, in the part of Dr. Penguin, the fanatical old beetle-hunter, whose innocent proceedings contribute so curiously to prolong, and give a new impetus to, the game of hide-and-seek. It is but a small part, but it is represented with admirable humour and fertility of detail. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, appearing for the first time in the part of Lady Ingram, made a very favourable impression.

The burlesque of *The Winter's Tale*, in preparation at TOOLE'S Theatre, is to be played at *matinées* only. Its title is *Perdita; or, the Royal Milkmaid*. It is said that Mr. Toole will "double" the parts of Autolycus and Perdita.

The entire GAIETY company are under engagement to play in burlesque in New York. They will make their first appearance before an American audience early in November next.

Mr. Wilson Barrett appeared at the GLOBE Theatre last Wednesday in the first of a series of weekly *matinées*. It is intended to give London playgoers once more an opportunity of seeing the more successful productions of his famous management at the Princess's Theatre. The first revival was *Hamlet*, in which Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake repeated their remarkable performances as the Prince and Ophelia. The cast of the play, however, is inferior as a whole to that which was seen at the Princess's, and the fine scenic views of the exterior and interior of the castle at Elsinore necessarily suffer somewhat from the cramped dimensions of the stage on which they have to be presented. In spite of some shortcomings, the revival was received with remarkable favour.

The uproar which took place at the Gaiety Theatre on Christmas Eve seriously militated against the success of the new burlesque of *Frankenstein* which was then brought out. It was evident, indeed, that Miss Farren, Mr. Fred Leslie, and their clever fellow-actors and actresses were completely taken aback by the unaccustomed sounds with which their efforts were greeted. Since then audiences at this house have shown themselves less exacting; and it is only fair to add that some important modifications, both in the way of addition and excision, have added much to the liveliness and entertaining qualities of the piece. It is now preceded by a little farcical production, called *Lot 49*, adapted from the German of Herr von Mörser by Mr. J. W. Fisher. The motive of this is the rather conventional one of a misunderstanding between husband and wife, caused by the lady having secretly bought a dog, to which she refers in such elaborately ambiguous style that she is thought to be harbouring in the house a lover. When it is stated that a servant, being told to open a door and to muzzle "him," forthwith drags out of an inner apartment a staid-looking old gentleman and insists upon carrying out his instructions to the letter, it will readily be seen in what sort of spirit the author handles his subject. The piece however, thanks in great degree to the humorous eccentricities of Mr. George Stone and Mr. Frank Thornton, and the bustling performances of the other actors, among whom was Miss Emma Gwynne, was successful in its object, that of creating laughter. Such shortcomings as are to be found in it, are certainly not attributable to the adaptor, who has the faculty of writing easy, idiomatic dialogue.

THE DANGEROUS GOODWIN SANDS on our Kentish coast are gradually wearing away, according to a recent survey. Indeed, it is even thought that in another hundred years the Goodwin Sands may have vanished, or be reduced to some insignificant shoals. Lately the Sands have greatly altered in shape and depth, probably owing to the perpetual action of the ebb tide, which at last has broken through the old narrow neck of the shoal. One well-known point, the Bunt Head, has completely gone, leaving a free clearance in the "full stream" for large steamers. Accordingly, a fresh chart of the Sands is being drawn out for mariners' benefit. Tradition declares that the Goodwins were first formed about the year 1100. Across the Atlantic the same process of destruction is going on at another important point well known to sailors, Cape Cod, in Massachusetts. Since the Government placed a lighthouse on the Cape less than a century ago, the plot of land round the light has fallen away from ten to six acres. The sea is gradually eating up the ground, and at one point the face of the bank has receded 200 feet in five years.

THE FATAL FIRE AT A GIRLS' HOME.—Mr. C. Stuart Thorpe, Secretary to the Society for the Rescue of Young Women and Children, writes:—"On Monday morning last, our Preventive Training Home for Girls, at Woodford, was completely destroyed by fire. The inmates escaped in the bitter cold with only their night-dresses, except one poor child, afflicted with deafness, who could not escape in time, so terribly rapid was the destruction. Nothing has been saved from the burning building. Temporary shelter has been provided for the poor girls, but the re-building must commence as soon as possible, that the good work of caring for poor endangered girls may not be hindered. To re-instate the Home in full working order will necessitate an outlay of at least 1,000/- beyond the amount of insurance. The girls and matrons have lost everything but their lives. May I plead very earnestly for clothing suitable for girls of fourteen to sixteen years of age; for bedding and all kinds of furniture; and for contributions, which latter may be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co., 54, Lombard Street, or to me at 79, Finsbury Pavement, E.C."



THE "HAPPINESS OF THE CENTURY" is the Arabian interpretation of the new French President's name, "Sadi," and his followers hail the idea as an omen for the prosperity of the present régime.

AFTERNOON TEA IN BOSTON, U.S.A., is considered most fashionable when served in true Russian style. Fair hostesses sit behind a steaming "samovar," and serve out tea accompanied by slices of lemon instead of milk, while to carry the illusion further many Boston damsels adopt the Russian peasant costume.

THE MEMOIRS of Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, the publication of which lately aroused so much interest in Germany, will stop short at the first volume, for the present. Political reasons require that the two other volumes should not appear just yet, though they are both ready, as the treatment of recent times entails important diplomatic revelations, which would specially arouse Prince Bismarck's susceptibilities. So at least says the *Berliner Tagblatt*.

AN INTERESTING ROYALIST MEMORIAL EXHIBITION is to be held in Paris during May and June for the benefit of a local charity. The collection will comprise portraits, engravings, letters, jewellery, furniture, nicknacks, and souvenirs of all kinds relating to Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the French Court during their rule, together with every available relic of the unfortunate King and Queen. French Royalists are being asked to lend any such memorials, and some very valuable collections of documents and relics have already been promised.

THE SEASON OF "MARRONS GLACÉS"—those tempting French sweetmeats—has just ended in Paris, much to the regret of a large number of women who earn their livelihood by preserving the fruit. One set of workers skin the chestnut and carefully separate it from the inner husks, being fined a halfpenny each time they break the fruit. Then the chestnuts pass through numerous hands in the preserving process, and when complete are turned over to yet another set of women to be put in boxes or tied up in dainty glazed paper bags. Twelve hours' toil a day brings each worker in 1s. 8d. The "Marrons Glacés" season lasts from All Saints' Day to January 15.

THE FANCY FOR "aping English aristocratic manners and customs" is being roundly denounced by sober-minded people in the United States, who fear that the stern Republican spirit will be warped by the present tendency of the younger American generation to copy the ways of the Old Country. Thus, much wrath is expressed because the South Carolina Legislature opens its Session in regular Britannic fashion. The presiding official of each House wears a gown of royal purple silk velvet; the clerks adopt flowing gowns of black silk, and the sergeant-at-arms opens the daily sittings, carrying the ancient Mace and Sword of State. Then the members wear their hats, as in the English House of Commons. But this is not so bad as the fashionable New York lady, who has managed to smuggle over an ancient moss-grown tombstone from an English churchyard. This stone occupies the place of honour in her library, and she shows it to her visitors to remind them that her dead ancestor was buried in England quite two centuries ago.

AN AERIAL PALACE is being constructed by a Mexican millionaire at Guanaxuato, not far north from the city of Mexico. The owner considers that the only means of escaping the unhealthy atmosphere of a large city is to live far above it, and so his house is to be built on enormous lofty iron pillars, and reached by a lift. This "Semiramis Palace" will have vast grounds like the famous Hanging Gardens of Babylon, will be supplied by an aqueduct with water brought from the mountains, and will be in telephonic communication with the town of Guanaxuato. Such a project must surely have been inspired by M. Eiffel, who, by the by, is now turning his attention to the Panama Canal, where he is to construct strong metallic locks to restrain the waters in that part of the canal not yet excavated to the proper depth. Thanks to this arrangement, M. de Lesseps declares that the Canal will be duly opened for navigation in 1890, and will then be gradually completed according to the original scheme, the working expenses being defrayed by the receipts without requiring to call upon the shareholders.

THE BRITISH EMBASSY in Paris appears in completely new guise with its new Ambassador. The house has been elaborately redecorated, and now has quite an Eastern character, due to the Indian surroundings brought by Lord Lytton—the relics of his vice-royalty. The Parisians were most anxious to see the Embassy under its fresh aspect; for "the opening of another *salon* in Paris is quite an event in these Republican days," remarks the *Figaro*, and as the Embassy had no mistress in Lord Lyons' time, the festivities for twenty-two years had been chiefly restricted to masculine dinner parties. Thus the applications for admission to Lord and Lady Lytton's first official reception last Tuesday considerably exceeded the accommodation. On entering the Embassy Indian trophies are met with at once in the hall, where a magnificent elephant's head hangs against the wall, surmounting a group of fine tigers and leopards, while figures of Indian natives stand around. A little further are handsome Afghan horse-trappings and a cannon, souvenirs of the last Afghan campaign. To the right is the Red Drawing-room, where the host and hostess received their guests, and here two huge lacquered cabinets flank the high Empire mantelpiece, while, in the centre of the room, stands a silver model of the throne belonging to the Maharajah of Mysore, parasol canopy and allegorical staircase complete. Next comes the chief drawing-room, where Lady Lytton presided, decorated in severe Empire style, furnished in blue and gold. Beyond is the "Queen's Room," where the portrait of Queen Victoria, in Coronation Robes, is a most prominent object, and then the Throne Gallery, looking on the garden. The dining-room is most artistically decorated. The walls are divided into panels, framing leopard-skins, while a frieze of ancient Indian musical instruments runs above. Upstairs, in the private Ambassadorial apartments, the same Indian reminiscences prevail—carvings, jewels, ancient figures, weapons, and pictures of Indian ceremonials, relieved by family portraits, notably Maclise's full-length of Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,940 deaths were registered, against 1,868 during the previous seven days, a rise of 72, being 45 above the average, and at the rate of 23·6 per 1,000. These deaths included 1 from small-pox, 25 from measles (same as last week), 25 from scarlet fever (a decline of 12, and 18 below the average), 16 from diphtheria (a decrease of 12), 152 from whooping-cough (a rise of 32, and 80 above the average), 22 from enteric fever (a fall of 6), 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 11 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 1), and not one from typhus or cholera. At the end of last week the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals contained 1,792 scarlet fever patients (besides 116 at the London Fever Hospital), against 1,959 the previous week. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 579 (a rise of 77), and were 44 above the average. Different forms of violence caused 69 deaths: 56 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 21 from fractures and contusions, 7 from burns and scalds, 6 from drowning, 3 from poison, and 16 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Eleven cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,556 births registered, against 2,845 the previous week, being 361 below the average.



A Beau of 1830

The Smallest Nun in the World

One of Our Great-Grandmothers

Princess Mary

Princess Elizabeth



The King's Chef

Preciosa

Queen Edith Matilda

Tired Out



Belgian Flag

King Henry I.

A Monk

The Little Cockatoos

Spanish Gipsy

Queen of Clubs

Page

Dick Whittington

JUVENILE FANCY DRESS
AT THE MANSION HOUSE

A. Hopkins



THE prospects of a peaceful solution of the troubles in Eastern Europe still seem to be confined to the regions of "hope." In a letter thanking the Governor of Moscow for his New Year's congratulations, the Czar "confidently hopes" that in the future, as in the present year, peace will permit the nation to devote all its energies to internal progress. Emperor William also, in his reply to the good wishes of the Red Cross Society, "hoped" that the time was far distant when their services would be needed. On the other hand, General Gourko, at Warsaw, "trusts" that the New Year may advance the work of "perfecting our armaments," and bring "happiness to the Emperor and glory to the Fatherland," while the German Emperor's speech on the opening of the Prussian Diet, when treating of the means for obtaining a financial equilibrium, ominously qualified the proposals with the saving clause, "provided incalculable events do not intervene to frustrate this result." Then again, the German Press has returned to the old subject of Russian movements on the frontier, and the *Militär Wochensblatt*, the official military organ of Berlin, points out that Russia has 315,500 men and 689 field-guns on the borders of Germany and Austria, while the latter Powers have only respectively 98,200 men and 338 field-guns, and 38,000 men and 160 field-guns. The general tone in Germany and Austria, accordingly, is distinctly less optimistic this week, and the suspicions of Russia's good faith have not been allayed by the papers discovered on the body of Nabokoff, the leader of the attempted raid on Bourgas. These prove conclusively that Nabokoff was a recognised agent of the Russian authorities, and that the money and equipment for the agitation and expedition came from Russian sources. In one letter, addressed to Count Ignatiess at Moscow, written by a certain Petrovitch of Constantinople (whence, it may be remembered, the expedition started), mention is made of an arrangement not having been concluded with Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, who, however, was to be asked not to interfere with any propaganda amongst the Montenegrins in Greece. To sum up—there is a renewed feeling of uneasiness abroad, and while the Czar personally is credited with a desire to maintain peace, it is feared that, as on former occasions, he will be unable to control the bellicose elements with which he is surrounded. This feeling is most intense in Vienna, where it is pointed out that Russia's military preparations are in no way being relaxed, and, indeed, resemble those shortly before the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish War. As to any definitive proposals for the settlement of the Bulgarian crisis, we hear very little about them now, save that Russia simply demands the casting out of Prince Ferdinand, "bag and baggage," after which she will graciously consent to send a military dictator to Sophia. The Prince himself is evidently looking forward to a troublesome time, and in his New Year's address to his officers plainly intimated that events might, perhaps, soon force Bulgaria to defend her rights, and added, "You will then see that I can die for the defence of our country."

In GERMANY the Emperor is pronounced to be convalescent, but the annual Chapter of the Black Eagle, which should have been held on Wednesday, was indefinitely postponed in order to save His Majesty's strength. The Prussian Parliament was reopened on Saturday, when Herr von Puttkammer read a flourishing financial statement. The coming measures include a Bill for raising the stipends of the clergy and a further development of the railway system. The chief home topic, however, is the forthcoming Anti-Socialist law to be brought forward in the Reichstag, which will be far more stringent and severe than any of its predecessors, particularly with regard to the holding of Socialist meetings, or to the dissemination of Socialist journals published in England, Switzerland, and the United States, and which, despite all prohibition, and the vigilance of the police, are very widely circulated throughout the German Empire. Naval matters has been warmly discussed in the Reichstag this week, and General Caprivi, the chief of the Admiralty, while denying that any money is wanted for building large war vessels, has made the comfortable assurance that with her navy in its present highly efficient state Germany need fear no enemies at sea.

In FRANCE the first serious battle of M. Tirard's Cabinet is being fought over the Paris Municipality. In all Moderate circles it has long been thought desirable to bring that Ultra-Radical body to book, especially as its members are carrying to a dangerous pitch their attitude of independent arrogance and of hostility to every Cabinet in succession. During the Presidential election they sat *en permanence* in order, they alleged, to protect the Hotel de Ville from the police, though the real reason was, as they half-admitted, to invite the population to revolt should M. Jules Ferry have been elected. They strenuously refuse to allow the Prefect of the Seine to take up his residence in the Hotel de Ville, notwithstanding the decision of the Council of State that he has a legal right to do so. There was a brisk debate on the subject in the Chamber on Monday, which resulted in the Government announcing a Bill to compel the recalcitrant civic fathers to afford the Prefect the required shelter. M. Tirard also asked for a vote of confidence, declaring that he could not remain if he were—as he had been cynically described by the Right—a reed painted the colour of iron. His firmness was consequently affirmed by 265 to 175 votes. In his speech M. Tirard showed himself to be unwilling to come to open hostilities with the Council without the aid of the Chamber, and his disinclination to use the powers which lie in his hands is looked upon as a half surrender to the Radicals. President Carnot continues to increase in popularity, and has now accepted an invitation to dine with the Austrian Ambassador—step which will entail his dining all round the Embassies. Indeed, Paris is looking forward to a gayer season than has been known for years, and Lord Lytton's reception on Tuesday was the most brilliant which has been held at the British Embassy since old Imperial days. Social circles, however, have been somewhat saddened by an accident to General Brugère, the chief of President Carnot's military household, who was accidentally wounded by a gamekeeper while at a shooting party with the President at Rambouillet. The wound, though not mortal, is exceedingly serious. In Paris the first masked ball of the season was held on Sunday at the Opéra. The only theatrical item of interest has been the opening of a Théâtre d'Application, where youthful actors are to be trained, and trial performances are to be given, so as publicly to test the abilities of aspiring Thespians. The first performance, on Tuesday, consisted of *Le Dépit Amoureux*, *Le Mariage Forcé*, the fourth act of *Les Horaces*, and the third act of *Les Plaideurs*. The Wilson inquiry is still dragging its slow length along, M. Vigneau being replaced by M. Athain, and further piquant revelations are promised on the part of Madame Ratazzi. Poor M. Grévy has had an apoplectic stroke, but is better. It is now said that he had a similar seizure in 1885, but that his illness was then kept secret for political reasons.

A troublesome diplomatic difficulty has arisen recently between FRANCE and ITALY. A Tunisian, General Hussein, died at Florence, and the French Consul at once proceeded to undertake the administration of his effects. By an old standing convention with the Bey, however, which is not considered to have been abrogated by

Franco-Italian agreement of 1884, the Italian Government is entitled to this privilege with regard to Tunisians dying in Italy. Accordingly the Prætor of Florence requested the French Consul to hand over to the proper tribunal General Hussein's papers, and on the Consul refusing proceeded to break open the Consulate and seize them. Thereupon the Consul at once protested—being supported in this by the whole foreign consular body. The Italian Government, however, while censuring the Prætor for "courtesy," maintained that he was legally in the right, and requested the French Cabinet to remove the Consul. Moreover, the Prætor declared his intention of again visiting the Consulate on the 20th, and removing the French seals from further documents relating to the subject. Upon this the French Cabinet sent a somewhat strongly worded remonstrance, and the Prætor's visit was "postponed." The whole affair in the present volcanic condition of Europe affords a basis for a pretty quarrel between the two countries. There is little other Italian news, save that the Pope continues his Jubilee receptions, and that last week His Holiness canonised ten new saints—the founders of the Religious Order of the Servants of Mary, and three members of the Society of Jesus, Peter Claver, known as the Apostle of the West Indies, John Berchmans, and Alphonsus Rodriguez. The ceremony took place in St. Peter's with all due Pontifical pomp, and after the Pope's eulogy of the new saints, the Cardinals presented the customary gifts for them. These consisted of a thick wax candle; two bowls, one silver the other gilt; three cages, one containing doves, another pigeons, and a third canaries and greenfinches, and two barrels, one filled with water and the other with wine.

In INDIA the keynote recently struck by Sir Lepel Griffin has been quickly taken up by the Mahomedans; and Sir Syed Ahmed, in a lecture at Lucknow, has vigorously denounced the Bengalees and their present political agitation. He affirmed the present form of Government to be satisfactory, and urged that it was necessary that the Legislative Councils should be formed of experienced officials, and gentlemen selected for social position rather than for ability. "How," he asked, "if the competitive system were introduced, would the Indian aristocracy like to have a man of low caste or insignificant birth over them?" "Think," he continued, "for a moment what would result if all appointments were given by competitive examination. Over all races—not only over Mahomedans, but over Rajahs, and brave Rajpoots who have not forgotten the swords of their ancestors—would be placed as a ruler a Bengalee who at the sight of a table-knife would crawl under a chair. There would be no part of the country where we should see at the tables of justice and authority any faces but those of Bengalees." He exhorted all Mahomedans to bring their wants to the notice of the Government in a calm and courteous manner, and warmly opposed the demands of the Madras Congress, that the people should be allowed to elect the Legislative Councils, urging that no practicable plan could be devised for the proper representation of the Mahomedan and warlike up-country races. As for the refusal of the Government to enrol Hindostanies as Volunteers, or to allow them to hold commissions in the Army, he considered prohibition a mistake, but laughed at the complaint coming from the unwarlike Bengalees. "He believed, however, that the time was coming when Mahomedans would appear in glittering uniforms as colonels and majors," but they must wait patiently until the Government sees fit to grant it, and meanwhile be careful to give no cause for suspicion of disloyalty to British rule in India. In BURMA a further withdrawal of British troops is to take place, but as the police force numbers twenty thousand well-disciplined men, there will be no practical diminution of military strength.

From EGYPT we hear of an important engagement at Handoub on Tuesday. A force of 400 friendlies attacked and captured Osman Digma's camp. Thinking the enemy completely defeated, the friendlies pursued them in all directions, whereupon the "rebels" rallying, recaptured the camp, and forced their opponents to retire. The Governor-General, Colonel Kitchener, who had been awaiting the result, with the hope of capturing Osman Digma, then came up and protected the friendlies' retreat, with mounted corps, which, however, does not appear to have been strong enough to take the offensive. In the fray Colonel Kitchener was severely wounded, his jaw being broken by a bullet, and Bimbashi M'Murdo was wounded in the knee. The loss of the rebels is stated to have been very heavy.

In the UNITED STATES a terrible blizzard has passed over the North-Western States, causing the most intense suffering. Within twenty-four hours the mercury fell from 74 above zero to 28 below it. Almost in an hour a cloudless sky was replaced by snow as fine as flour, driven by a roaring wind at a frightful velocity. Men's voices were inaudible at a distance of six feet. Children perished when coming from school, farmers returning from the fields died before reaching their houses. One woman, who stepped from her door to look for her husband, died at the threshold. Thousands of cattle fell dead in their stalls, and many of their owners perished in trying to save them. The majority of those who lost their lives were suffocated rather than frozen, it being impossible to breathe against the blizzard. Many of the victims had torn their clothing away from their throats. Others had thrown away their head-covering, and were clutching at their throats as though struggling for breath. More than 200 persons are stated to have been frozen to death in Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Montana, Colorado, and Kansas, and frightful hardships are reported to have been endured by the inhabitants of the affected districts. The railways were completely blocked, and the storm was followed by a freezing temperature, the weather being more severe than any since 1864. Thousands are suffering from want of fuel, and in some places the thermometer descended to 40 deg. below zero, the cold, with sleet-storms, prevailing as far as the Gulf Coast.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, we hear from RUSSIA that the arrests at St. Petersburg in connection with the recently discovered plot continue, and 887 persons were arrested in one evening. The financial condition of Russia is officially declared to be prosperous and flourishing. Nevertheless, the projected loan cannot be floated in Paris. On the WEST COAST OF AFRICA Admiral Sir W. Hunt-Grubbe has held a palaver of chiefs on board H.M.S. *Royalist* at Bonny, and has announced that a British Protectorate has been established over the rivers. The charges against King Ja-Ja had been proved, and that monarch would spend the rest of his life in exile, with a pension of 800*l.* a year. Consul H. H. Johnston is appointing Vice-Consuls on the various rivers, and establishing governing bodies of European traders and native chiefs.—There have been serious disturbances at MADEIRA, owing to the peasants refusing to pay a newly-imposed tax. The Portuguese have sent reinforcements of troops to the island.—In JAPAN the death is announced of Shimadzu Hisamitsu, the once renowned Prince of Satsuma, whose hostility to Europeans in 1862 brought about an English bombardment.

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER is no longer permissible in Neuchâtel, where English people anxious to evade the law of their own country, have often resorted to get the wedding ceremony performed. The new Swiss Marriage Law, however, has just abolished the practice. The Canton will be a loser in no small degree, as the marriage fees were high, and the happy pairs usually spent a fair amount of money during their honeymoon in Neuchâtel.



THE Queen remains in the Isle of Wight, and has been entertaining several visitors at dinner, including the War Secretary. On Saturday the Dean of Windsor arrived, and dined with Her Majesty, while on Sunday morning the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg attended Divine Service at Whippingham Church. The Dean of Windsor preached the sermon, and in the evening again joined the Royal party at dinner. Next day the Home Secretary and the Spanish Ambassador arrived, and had audience of Her Majesty, Mr. Matthews returning to town immediately after the audience. On Tuesday Sir Morell Mackenzie was received by the Queen, and gave Her Majesty satisfactory accounts of the Crown Prince.—When visiting the Continent in the spring the Queen will probably travel through Switzerland to Florence, and thence to San Remo, instead of following the usual French route to the Riviera.

The Prince of Wales rejoined the Princess and daughters at Sandringham on Saturday after spending a few days in town. Later in the day a fresh party of guests assembled, including the German and Turkish Ambassadors, Lord and Lady Salisbury, Lord and Lady George Hamilton, Sir Lyon Playfair, Colonel Sir E. Bradford, General Sir E. Stephenson, and Canon Duckworth. Next morning the Prince and Princess, with their daughters and guests, attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where Canon Duckworth preached. Lord and Lady Salisbury left on Monday, the rest of the party dispersing later, and on Tuesday the Prince of Wales came up to town to preside at the Jubilee Dinner of the Army and Navy Club.—After spending a few days with Earl and Countess Brownlow at Belton House, near Grantham, and attending a hospital ball at the Grantham Town Hall, Prince Albert Victor left for Tranby Croft, to stay with Mr. A. Wilson. On Wednesday the Prince accompanied his host to the Holderness Hunt Ball. Prince Albert Victor will visit the North of Ireland during the summer.—Prince George was expected at Athens last week on a visit to his uncle, the King of Greece, but his vessel, the *Dreadnought*, encountered such severe weather on her way from Malta that she was compelled to shelter in a port in Southern Greece.

Princess Christian's free dinners to poor children in Windsor are now in full working order, and the Princess herself takes a table at the Windsor Guildhall, every Monday, and serves out soup and plum-pudding.—The Duchess of Albany is building a dower house for herself in the grounds of Claremont. The little son laid the foundation-stone, and the house will probably be finished by the young duke's fourth birthday in July.—Princess Louise and Lord Lorne reached Malta at the end of last week on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and now the Princess and Duchess have gone on a ten days' cruise to Sicily.—King Luis of Portugal is recovering from his severe attack of pleurisy, and it is hoped that he will shortly be able to go out again.



Mr. J. A. DYKES'S TRIO.—A trio for pianoforte and strings, by Mr. J. A. Dykes, was produced at last Monday's Popular Concert. The composer is a son of the late Dr. John B. Dykes, once Precentor at Durham, and one of the editors of the famous "Hymns Ancient and Modern." The young gentleman went some years ago to Frankfort, where he studied under Raff, and subsequently under Madame Schumann, to whose good offices he doubtless owes the introduction of his trio to the audiences of the Popular Concerts. The trio has elicited a curious difference of opinion, and one which has no reference whatever to the disputes of the "schools." That Mr. Dykes has great talent none will deny, but one critic or the other has referred to each of the first three movements as the best (all, however, agreeing that the *rondo finale* is the feeblest) of the work. The ability shown in the opening movement is unquestionable, but this section is diffuse, and otherwise shows inexperience. The scherzo and trio which forms the second movement is, in our view, the best movement of the trio, although it is far too long, even as the slow movement which ushers in the *finale* is too short. Miss Bertha Moore sang Sullivan's "Orpheus With His Lute" rather tamely, and the concert concluded with a fine performance of Schubert's octet.

DEATH OF STEPHEN HELLER.—Mr. Stephen Heller, many of whose graceful pianoforte works are popular in this country, died in Paris, last Saturday, after a long illness. About three years ago he was stricken with blindness, and a subscription was organised for his benefit. Heller was born in Pesth, May 15th, 1815, and his father at first sent him to a College of the Piarist Fathers. Eventually, however, he showed a taste for music, and was placed under a Bohemian bandsman of artillery, and then under Herr Franz Brauer, as whose pupil he made his *début* at the age of nine. Carl Czerny afterwards gave him a few lessons, but the cost was too great, so the lad was placed under Beethoven's friend, Anton Halm. From this period until he was about seventeen years old, Heller toured about the Continent under his father's management as a "prodigy" pianist. In 1837, by Schumann's advice, he went to Paris, and applied to Kalkbrenner, who, however, demanded that he should pay 20*l.* a year for five years, should during that time be taught only by a pupil, and should not publish any music without his master's consent. These onerous terms were refused, and Heller subsequently resided in Paris, first as a pianist, and afterwards as a teacher, and composer of about four hundred works, either for teaching purposes, or as agreeable pieces of display. It is just forty years since Mr. Charles Hallé introduced Heller's music to England, and, associated with Mr. Hallé, the composer, in 1862 played a duet at the Crystal Palace.

ANOTHER HAYDN QUARTET.—By producing the quartet in A, the sixth of the set, Op. 20, last Saturday, Madame Normann-Néruda and her party added the forty-seventh of the seventy-seven Haydn quartets to the repertory of the Popular Concerts. The quartet in A is comparatively early Haydn, and is supposed to have been written about 1776. It is in his usual form of *allegro*, slow movement, *minuet*, and *finale*, but in the *adagio* almost all the work is given to the first violin, the other instruments being relegated to the position of mere accompanists, while the *finale* is a fugue on three subjects, with a very admirable specimen of triple counterpoint, all save the last three bars of the fugue being, however, played *sotto voce*, with a somewhat peculiar effect. Nevertheless, no hearer could possibly mistake the quartet for anything but one of Haydn's, and the work is in other respects of great interest. At the same concert Miss Fanny Davies played pianoforte solos by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, Mrs. Henschel sang, and the programme ended with Beethoven's always popular septet.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—M. de Pachmann gave a pianoforte recital on Monday, and played a large number of pieces by various composers, including four by Chopin, in whose music the Russian pianist excels. His performance, indeed, of the Concert Allegro, Op. 46, which is not usually considered a particularly interesting piece, was so admirable that the executant was compelled thrice to bow from the platform.—On Friday last week a large number of amateurs employed in the drapery and other large business houses of the metropolis gave a performance of Mr. W. H. Cummings's charming little cantata, *The Fairy Ring*.—On Saturday Mr. Sims Reeves sang at a miscellaneous concert at the Japanese Hall.—On Tuesday M. Pradeau, a teacher of pianoforte music in London, commenced a series of recitals of Schumann's music. Such a task has already taxed the powers even of M. Rubinstein, and M. Pradeau must be recommended at any rate to vary his programmes.—On Wednesday, at the London Symphony Concerts, a more or less familiar programme included Brahms's interesting Serenade in D, but (curiously enough) neither a symphony nor the whole of a concerto. Mr. Edward Lloyd, reappearing for the first time since his illness at Vienna, but obviously quite restored to health, gave a remarkably fine rendering of Lohengrin's "Legend" and his "Farewell to Elsa," and was twice recalled by the audience, who, after such arduous music, could hardly insist upon an encore.—On Wednesday evening a Ballad Concert was given.

NOTES AND NEWS.—We understand there is every likelihood that Mr. Augustus Harris will this summer be the impresario of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.—On the 6th inst. Dr. W. H. Longhurst completed sixty years of uninterrupted service at Canterbury Cathedral, first as chorister, then as assistant organist, and since 1873 as titular organist. Even in this country so long a service is almost unique.—Mr. Henschel has, owing to pressing engagements, resigned his position as one of the teachers at the Royal College of Music.—We understand that if certain matters of no interest to the public be arranged, it is quite likely that Mr. Sims Reeves may join the staff of the Guildhall School of Music as a teacher of singing.—Mr. J. S. Shedlock will shortly read a paper before the Musical Association on the correspondence between Wagner and Liszt recently published in Germany. It is an amusing feature of this correspondence that a good many of Wagner's letters to Liszt are requests for temporary loans of cash, which, to Liszt's credit be it said, were, even at obvious inconvenience, usually granted, but the repayment of which seems still to be "the music of the future."—A son of the famous tenor, Mr. Edward Lloyd, will probably accompany his teacher (Madame Schumann) should that lady visit England this spring. Master Lloyd's *début* will, however, probably be postponed, as his father has wisely decided that he ought not to appear in London till his education is complete.



JUDGMENT HAS BEEN GIVEN in the interesting and important case arising out of the conduct of a churchwarden of Netley Church, who forcibly prevented a boy belonging to Netley Reformatory from entering the Church to attend Divine Service. It was a test-case, on the decision of which depended the right of all the boys in the reformatory to attend service in Netley Church. For the churchwarden it was contended, that although the population of the parish was more than 1,100, there was accommodation for only 305 persons, and therefore no room for the boy in question. But it has been surmised, rightly or wrongly, that the dislike of the regular congregation to having a number of boys convicted of crime sitting among them had something to do with the act complained of. Mr. Justice Stephen, who had taken time to consider his judgment, decided against the churchwarden. He affirmed the law to be that a churchwarden has no right to prevent persons from entering a church simply because he thinks that there is not room for them. No authorities, the Judge said, had been adduced to prove that a churchwarden can say that a person may not stand in a church if he cannot find a seat, and is not causing annoyance to any one. By an unrepealed statute of Edward VI., all persons were bound to attend church under pain of spiritual censure, and as this would involve payment of costs, and perhaps imprisonment in default of such payment, the boy was bound to attend church. As a general rule the difficulty, the Judge remarked, was to get people to go to church, not to keep them out of it. The fact of a boy being in a reformatory was no reason to keep him away from church; indeed, it was rather the reverse. Accordingly, he pronounced the churchwarden guilty of a technical assault on the boy, for whom he gave judgment, with costs on the higher scale, damages, &c.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has offered the Archdeaconry of Totnes to Dr. Wilkinson, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Plymouth, and Prebendary of Exeter, who has accepted it.

THE WORKING MEN'S MEMORIAL to the late Rev. A. H. Mackenzie, to be erected on the spot where he died, will be a cairn of stones, having a flat stone in front, with a cross and suitable inscription.

AT THE REQUEST OF MR. WALTER BESANT, the Bible Society have made a grant of large-type Bibles for use in the People's Palace, East London. The collection comprises translations of the Scriptures into thirteen of the living languages of Europe.

MR. SPURGEON, after a recent interview with a deputation from the Baptist Union, remained unable to rejoin that body. The Council of the Union have accordingly accepted his resignation.

OF THE 13,309/- sent by the English Roman Catholics as a Jubilee offering to the Pope, 3,016/- came from Westminster. The next largest amount was from Liverpool, 1,450/-, followed by Birmingham with 1,300/. The Roman Catholic Diocese of Salford, which includes Manchester, sent 815/-.



THE TRIAL OF MR. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAME, M.P., and Mr. John Burns for unlawfully and riotously assembling and for assaulting the police in Trafalgar Square on the famous 13th of November began on Monday and ended on Wednesday. The Jury found them guilty on the fifth count of the indictment, that of being part of an unlawful assemblage, thus acquitting them of the graver charges, and they were sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment each without hard labour. Mr. Grahame was represented by counsel; Mr. Burns defended himself. The Attorney-General led for the Crown. Two constables swore positively to having been assaulted by Mr. Grahame, while witnesses for the defence stated that the police were the first assailants.

THE PROPRIETOR of the *Morning Post* applied to the Chancery Division for an injunction against a Company who have started a

paper which they call the *Evening Post*, the plaintiff contending that the public may be deceived into believing that the new venture is an evening edition of his well-known and long-established newspaper. Evidence was adduced to prove that persons thus misled had applied at the publishing office of the *Morning Post* for copies of its evening namesake. Holding that the case was analogous to the piracy of a trade mark, Mr. Justice Kay granted the injunction, making it perpetual, giving the plaintiff his costs, and refusing an application to suspend the injunction pending an appeal. The defendants immediately applied to the Court of Appeal, who suspended the injunction for the present, and adjourned the further hearing of the case until to-day (Saturday).

IN THE CASE OF MILLICAN v. THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE HOSPITAL.—The plaintiff, it will be remembered, was suspended from his office of medical officer (without salary), because he had become professionally connected with another hospital in which the practice of homoeopathy was tolerated. He applied for an injunction against the defendants to restrain them from interfering with him in the discharge of his duties, and Mr. Justice Manisty granted it. The case excited a great deal of attention, and produced a long epistolary discussion in the *Times*, under the heading of *Odium Medicum*. The defendants appealed, and the Court of Appeal have reversed Mr. Justice Manisty's decision, with costs against Mr. Milligan, holding that no interest in any property having been interfered with, the relation between the plaintiff and the defendants being a purely personal one, he could not obtain from a Court of Equity the relief claimed. If there was a contract, damages at common law would afford a perfect remedy. Lord Justice Fry remarked that enormous inconvenience would be occasioned if Courts of Equity were to enforce the continuance of strictly personal relations when these relations had become irksome. That would be too gross an interference with the liberties of the subject.

AN ACTION has been brought by a shareholder in a limited company to have his name removed from the register on the ground that the profits of the two businesses which the company was formed to take over had been considerably exaggerated in its prospectus. After the action was brought a financial journal published an article on the case, in which it was stated that the public had been asked to pay five times the real value of the businesses bought by the company, adding some severe comments on the conduct of the latter. The company applied to Mr. Justice Kay, sitting in the Chancery Division, for an injunction to restrain the journal from publishing any matter calculated to prejudice the trial of the action, and in granting it the judge made some sarcastic remarks on the manner in which the editor, "sitting in his private room, where these things are concocted," had taken it upon him to fix the value of the business referred to. If, he said, such comments were permitted, the result would be to substitute the *News*-paper Press for the Courts of Justice.



FOOD FOR CART-HORSES.—Yorkshire farmers, in council at Broughbridge, have been considering how best to feed their cart-horses. The use of barley-chaff and barley-awns should be avoided, said Mr. Toope, and opinion in general seemed to favour the use of crushed corn. Roots, some thought, were too little used, for mangolds and carrots were highly nutritious, and when pulped and mixed with the manger-food were readily eaten by horses. They counteracted the effect of highly-concentrated diet, and, together with ensilage, might be recommended for special use when the horses were not in full work. Great care, it was observed, was necessary in changing the food from dry to green; in consequence of carelessness at this period many horses died every spring. If the tares, clover, or whatever was used, was cut the day previous and allowed to wither, and then given in small, and gradually increasing, quantities for a week, the difficulty could be perfectly got over.

PEDIGREE HORSES alone are allowed to compete for premiums under the new Government grant. Against this restriction Mr. Chaplin, M.P., the owner of many pedigree horses and many thoroughbreds, has protested, in the interest of what he considers fair play. "I consider," he says, "that horses with a stain in their pedigree, and which are not therefore in the 'Stud Book,' are constantly found, and have frequently been proved to be, among the best and most successful of country stallions; and it is therefore inexpedient and undesirable, in my opinion, that they should be excluded from all competition for the premiums."

LAMBS.—The mild weather of the first fortnight of January has favoured lambing. Correspondents of the *Live Stock Journal* inform that paper that the crop of lambs in Dorset is expected to be very prolific, owing to the large number of ewes which have produced twins. There has been very little mortality this season thus far, either with ewes or lambs, the latter thriving better this season than for many years past. The lambing season has also commenced in the Down flocks in the hill and pasture districts of Gloucestershire. The youngsters seem doing well, with a fair supply of milk. In the Hampshire Down district lambing is now tolerably general. On the farm of the Downton Agricultural College the first lamb was dropped on Christmas Day, and by January 5th fifty ewes had yielded seventy-two lambs. The sheep in the more northern parts of the kingdom are very healthy, and the season therefore promises well for them as for the southern flocks.

EGGS, POULTRY, AND GAME.—With the increased attention given to poultry keeping, to rabbit warrens, and with the steady maintenance of preserves, it is very disappointing to find that in 1887 our tribute to the foreigner for eggs, poultry, and game was in excess of previous years. Prices were not high, yet we paid 3,080,561/- for French eggs, and 721,049/- for foreign poultry and game, inclusive of French fowls and Ostend rabbits. This loss to English farmers is a drawback which a bounty of 1/- per acre on wheat cultivation would fail to balance, and it represents, at the current rate of interest, a capital amount of a hundred millions of sterling. Seeing that there is an active prejudice in favour of English eggs, and that poultry and game of English origin have also a special claim on most buyers, it is to be hoped that these payments to the foreigner will at least be found to have attained their maximum in the year just concluded. Let farmers make a strong effort to secure the egg, game, and poultry market in 1888.

STRAW AND CHAFF.—The analyst is always with us nowadays, and if he is but a poor hand in suppressing the adulterator, he gives plenty of useful advice to those who care to profit by it. His recent investigations with respect to straw and chaff have failed to show why oat straw from one field will contain less than 2 per cent. of albumen, and oat straw from the next field more than 7 per cent., but he has at least shown that the straw of summer cereals is uniformly a more nutritious diet than that of winter cereals, and that cereal straw of any kind has a low feeding value compared with pea straw, and especially with bean straw, which is the most nutritious of all the kinds of straw grown in England. Chaff on analysis proves more nutritious than straw. Wheat chaff possesses

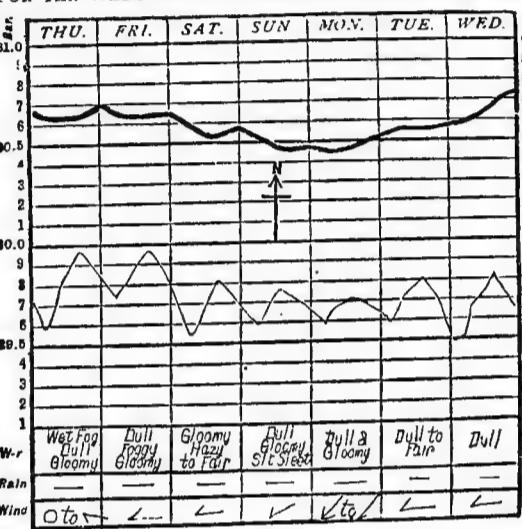
about double the feeding value of the straw itself, and is quite as good as ordinary oat straw. The chaff of oats is just about equal in value to that of wheat. Pea pods are better than pea straw, and not quite so nutritious as bean pods. These are facts which the bulk of farmers but dimly appreciate or apply.

SALT.—says a correspondent, is not used in stock-feeding as it ought to be. Salt, he maintains, ought to be given (1) to replace the saline matter washed out of their food by boiling, steaming, &c.; (2), to counteract the ill effects of wet pastures and food on sheep, and thereby to prevent foot-rot; (3), to increase the flow of saliva, and thereby hasten fattening; (4), to improve mixtures of chaff, potatoes, beets, bran, and oilcake. The daily allowance is thus apportioned. For a milch cow 2 oz., for an ox 3 oz., for a fatting pig 1 1/2 oz., for a sheep 4 oz., and for a horse 1 oz. The above opinions are interesting and, to some extent, useful, but the value of salt in preventing foot-rot is dubious, to say the least of it, and it has to be remembered that too much salt acts as a poison—especially on pigs. We believe that the best way to give it is to leave lumps of common rock salt about. All the farm animals will lick it when they feel the need of it. This has been observed by many practical farmers. Of course, a small quantity may also be given, especially in pulped foods.

APPROACHING SHOWS.—The big Show of Thoroughbred Stallions, concerning which we gave particulars in December, is fixed for the 9th and 10th of February at Nottingham, while the annual Show of the Shire Horse Society takes place at Islington at the end of the month. The Bishop Stortford Shire Horse Show is fixed for Candlemas Day, the Glasgow Stallion Show for March 6th, which is also the date for the Show of Hackneys which has been arranged to take place at Islington, under the management of Mr. Euren of Norwich.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1888



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (18th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The thick wet fog which hung over the greater part of Western Europe towards the close of the preceding week did not lift until the present one was well advanced, when dull weather, lower temperature, and very keen Easterly breezes were experienced over the British Islands generally. During the first part of the week the Western portion of a large anticyclone was located over the United Kingdom, with light variable airs and calms, and foggy or misty weather in most places. Over the Metropolitan area the foggy or misty weather in most places. Over the Metropolitan area the fog was frequently of a very dark and gloomy character. By Sunday (15th inst.) the anticyclone had shifted to the Southern part of Scandinavia, and with pressure giving way somewhat to the Southward of our Islands, gradients for moderate to strong Easterly winds became established over England and Ireland. The fog had cleared by this time, but the sky still remained very gloomy, and temperature continued to fall slowly in most places. No very material change in the distribution of pressure or in the wind was noticed during the remainder of the week, and while the weather kept dull and cloudy in most places, some fine clear skies were experienced over the Northern parts of Ireland and Scotland, and temperature on the whole seemed disposed to fall still lower. At the close of the week the highest pressures were central over Great Britain and Germany, and there were still no indications of any change in the weather. Temperature was much lower than that of the previous week, and while it did not differ much from the normal in the North and West, there was a material falling off in the average elsewhere. Slight frosts were felt on several days over the inland parts of England and Scotland.

The barometer was highest (30°72 inches) on Wednesday (18th inst.); lowest (30°44 inches) on Monday (16th inst.); range 0°28 inch.

The temperature was highest (39°) on Thursday and Friday (12th and 13th inst.); lowest (30°) on Wednesday (18th inst.); range 9°.

No rainfall measured.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

AN extremely ingenious and interesting application of electricity is now on view at the offices of Messrs. Woodhouse and Rawson, Queen Victoria Street. It is an electrical chess recorder, which consists mainly of two parts. One of these is a chess-board of special construction, having in the centre of each square a hole, into which a corresponding peg upon each of the pieces fits. The act of withdrawing any piece causes electrical contact to be made, which actuates the other part of the apparatus. This is the recorder proper, and resembles the ordinary tape machine. The chess-board has its squares lettered and numbered, after the manner in which a map of London is commonly divided into squares and marked for ready reference, and a move upon it is instantaneously recorded upon the tape as G 2 or F 5, as the case may be. The recorder can be placed at any distance from the chess-board.

A few years ago we described and illustrated the autographic telegraph invented by Mr. E. A. Cowper. The patent rights in connection with the invention have been acquired by the Writing Telegraph Company, at whose offices at Holborn Viaduct we have recently seen the instrument in action in a much improved form. It seems that Mr. J. Hart Robertson, an American electrician, not knowing of Mr. Cowper's previous work in this direction, invented independently a writing telegraph which, while closely resembling Mr. Cowper's contrivance, is an improvement upon it, and is far more simple in construction. In both instruments the transmitting pen is made to cause variations in the strength of an electric current, which variations actuating electro magnets at the receiving station cause another pen to make exactly similar movements. But whereas in Cowper's telegraph resistance coils are brought into play by elaborate apparatus, the necessary variations in Robertson's system are brought about by varying pressures on discs of carbon.

Thanks to the statistics collected by Professor Symons, we are now able to estimate better than we could before the amount of drought from which the country suffered during the past year. He has received in all more than two thousand returns from different parts of the country as to the local rainfall, and, although the returns have not yet been completed, he has published a few of them, in order to compare the rainfall of the past year with the average of the years 1870 to 1879. From these it appears that at some places the fall of rain has been short of the average by one-third, and

(Continued on page 62)



MR. JOHN WALTER
Proprietor of the *Times*



MR. BONAMY PRICE
Professor of Political Economy at Oxford
Born May 22, 1807. Died January 8, 1888

THE MUSICIANS' CONFERENCE

At the concluding meeting on January 6th of the National Society of Professional Musicians, which has been sitting in Painters' Hall, Little Trinity Lane, on several occasions, Mr. A. J. Hipkins lectured on the "History of the Pianoforte," and illustrated his lecture by performances on examples of the various predecessors of that instrument. The sound given by a little ancient clavichord, on which he played a prelude by Bach, was faint and thin, not unlike the noise made by a sewing machine, and inferior as a melody-producer to the miniature toy-shop pianos. He next played on a Venetian spinet of 1580. This instrument sounded fairly strong, but the notes were twangy and short. A spinet of a century later (1680) showed a marked improvement, and a composition by Orlando Gibbons was given with a certain effect. The next instrument was a harpsichord, dated 1771, with a double keyboard. The notes were now capable of being sustained for a short period. The last change was to a Broadwood, built last year, on which pieces by Chopin were heard under the most favourable circumstances. A cordial vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Hipkins for his interesting display, and then the company adjourned to the Mansion House, where they were received by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress.

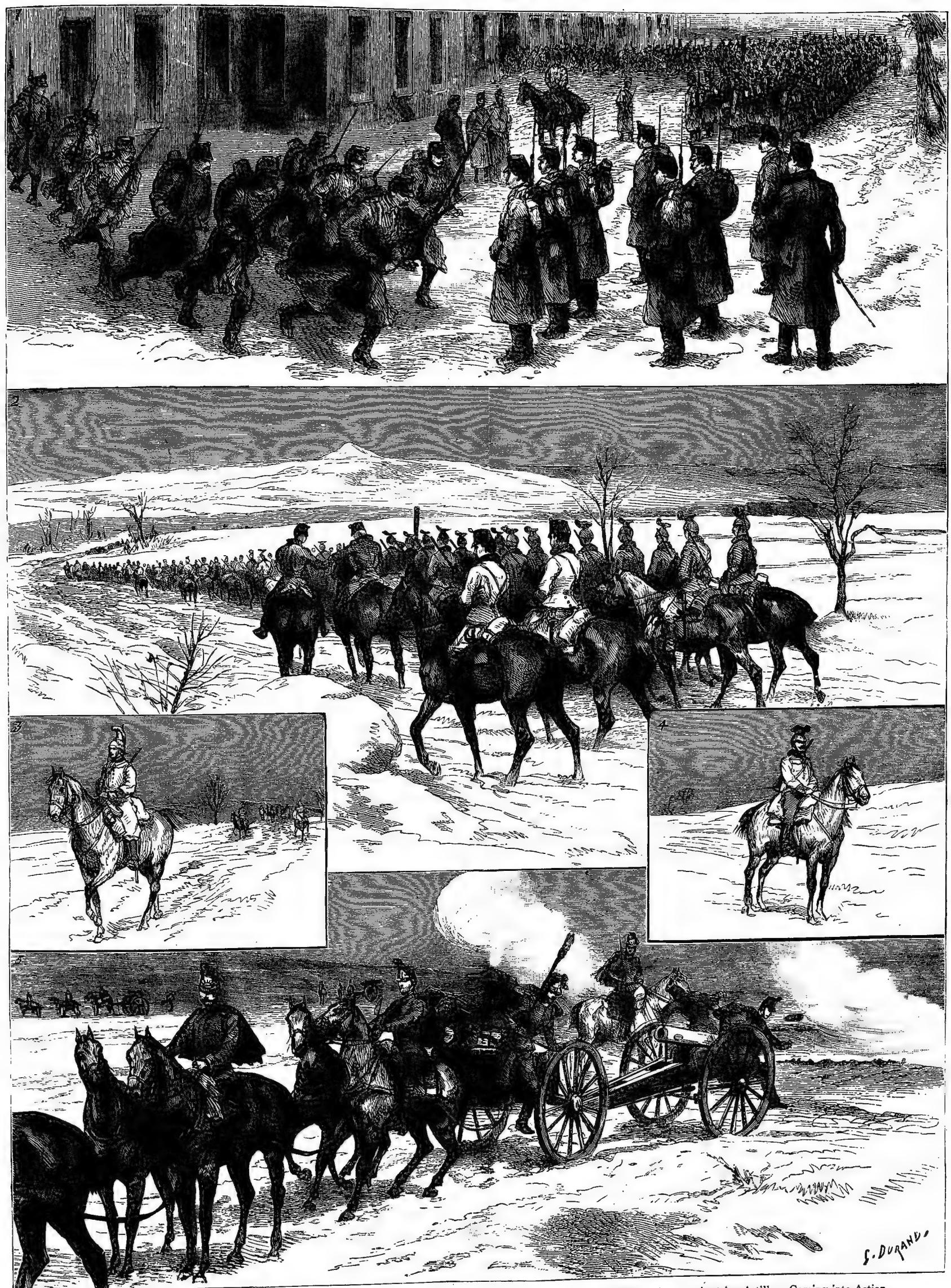
JUVENILE BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE

THE spacious saloons of the Mansion House were on the evening of January 11th thronged with hundreds of little visitors, who, attired in almost every imaginable variety of costume, had come in response to the invitation of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress to attend their juvenile fancy dress ball. Owing to the fog some of the little guests were unfortunately prevented from participating in the pleasures prepared for them, but about 900 out of the 1,100 who had accepted invitations were present. The spectacle when all the children had arrived was a very brilliant and a very pleasing one. The costumes, without exception, were happily chosen, and many of them were remarkably effective. There were Moorish maidens and Spanish tambourine girls, there were charming little Boulogne fisher-women and dainty dairymaids, there were picturesque peasant girls from the mountains of Switzerland, and plump little fairies from the realms of fiction. Diminutive boy barristers rubbed elbows with brigands and beaux of every nationality, while a City "special" displayed his bâton with a bold and dauntless demeanour. Perhaps the most tastefully-attired of all the little maidens who flitted about the solid and magnificent apartments of the Mansion House last

night, however, was a graceful Galatea, who was generally recognised as "Mary Anderson," and who certainly sustained her rôle with a delightful combination of *insouciance* and self-possession. One of the juvenile guests had come as a representative of the Lord Mayor's native country, Belgium. Her dress consisted of a very pretty arrangement of the Belgian flag, the petticoat being adorned with Belgian heraldic devices. It would be quite impossible to do justice to all the charming dresses which called forth the admiration of those who saw the gay and varied spectacle; but among other characters which the children had assumed should be mentioned those of Esmeralda, Sir Roger de Coverley, Louis XV., the Earl of Leicester, the Jessamy Bride, and Paul Pry. One of the principal features of the ball was a mimic procession of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Sword and Mace Bearer, and the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex. The little actors played their parts with comical seriousness and gravity, and were, as became their importance, the observed of all observers. There were many amusements provided for the children by the Lord Mayor, among them being Punch and Judy, "Magic and Mystery," Professor Hotine's marvellous dogs and monkeys, living marionettes, the Bohee Brothers, a troupe of performing bicyclists, and Professor Golding's ventriloquial entertainment.



CONFERENCE OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS
MR. A. J. HIPKINS ILLUSTRATING HIS LECTURE ON THE "HISTORY OF THE PIANOFORTE"



1. An Alarm in an Infantry Barrack

2. Austrian Cavalry on the March

3. Dragoons

4. Uhlan

5. Austrian Artillery Coming into Action

THE RUMOURS OF WAR ON THE CONTINENT
TYPES OF THE AUSTRIAN TROOPS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER

although in some other places it has not been very much below the average, we may say that there has been a universal deficiency. In some localities the drought has been without precedent.

At Rochdale a process which has both prevented the pollution of the river, and has led to a great saving in the working expenses of certain silk works there, has recently been tried with success. It is due to Mr. Alderman Taylor, and the experiments have been conducted on behalf of a firm of silk manufacturers. Hitherto a large quantity of soap solution has flowed from the works into the river, and it was possible with the fear of the law before their eyes that these manufacturers prosecuted the experiments which have resulted in such success. In this process the dissolved soap, instead of being sent direct into the river, is first conducted into a tank. Into this tank chlorine gas is forced from a retort in which it is generated from hydrochloric acid and manganese. The result of this action is to cause the refuse and fatty matters to be precipitated, and form a cake at the bottom of the vessel. The supernatant water, containing nothing more than a little common salt, is then run off into the river. This cake of fat and refuse can be proper treatment be made into soap exactly similar to that from which it originally came, and is used once more in the preparation of the raw silk. This hitherto waste product is valued at 20/- per ton.

On a branch of the Caledonian Railway at Glasgow a few weeks ago a trial was made of a new automatic apparatus, invented by Mr. D. Drummond, for stopping a train by signal during foggy weather. It consists of an attachment to the rail just opposite the signal-post, which, when placed in position by the signal being put at danger, will come into contact with a lever arrangement on an engine passing over it, which will immediately act upon the brake system of the train. It will thus be noticed that, although the fog may be so thick that the signal cannot be seen by the engine-driver, the fact of its being at danger will be made evident to him by the train being brought to a stop by the automatic action of the brake. For goods trains, which are not commonly fitted with a continuous

observer should possess a general catalogue of *nebulæ* and clusters of stars, for it is often difficult to distinguish a comet at its first approach from a *nebula*. Should any observer find a comet, he should at once give notice of that discovery by telegraph to the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, and he should also write as soon as possible to Professor Swift, of the Warner Observatory, New York, so as to claim the Warner prize of 100 dollars for his discovery.

T. C. H.



FOOTBALL.—It cannot be said that the Football Association gave a very logical decision in regard to the match between Aston Villa and Preston North End in the Cup Competition. The match was declared not to be a Cup-tie, and yet the tie was awarded to the North Enders on the ground that Aston Villa ought to have made better arrangements for keeping off the crowd. Supposing the match had been won by the Aston Villa team, we are inclined to doubt whether the Association would still have awarded the tie to their rivals. In the sixth round, the winners should have an easy task against Sheffield Wednesday, Blackburn Rovers should account for Derby Junction, and West Bromwich Albion for Old Carthusians. We are glad to note that the Association censured Crewe Alexandra for their unsportsmanlike conduct in regard to the Swifts match. To-day (Saturday) the semi-final ties in the London Cup Competition are to be played. Casuals and Old Londoners meet at the Oval, Clapton and Old Westminsters Harrovians meet at Leyton. Renton beat Queen's Park in the semi-final of

barred, to Cook. In each case the scratch man had somewhat the best of it at the time of writing.

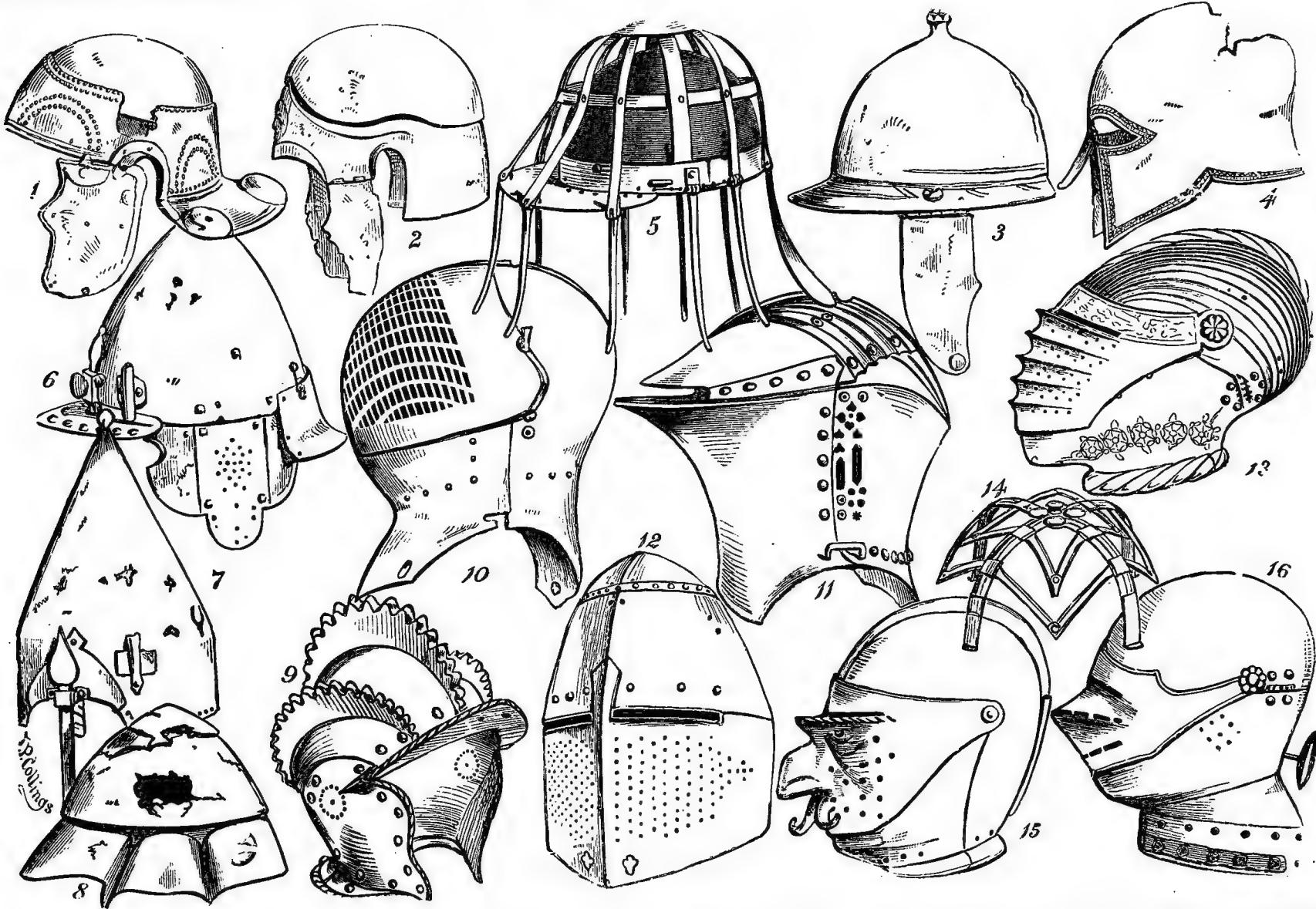
ROWING.—Owing to the illness of the President, Mr. H. McLean, New College, the Oxford eight did not go out till Tuesday last, thus being more than a week behind the Light Blues. L. Frere, B.N.C., occupied the stroke thwart; J. C. Gardner, Emmanuel, fills that position at Cambridge.

CRICKET.—In their third match against New South Wales Shrewsbury's Eleven have suffered a second defeat, mainly due to the bowling of Turner, and the wonderful batting of Moses, who scored 58 and 109.—Mr. Vernon's team are now in Tasmania, but are playing no matches of importance.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Walter Gray, of the well-known family of champions, is matched to play Peter Latham, the present champion racquet-player, at the end of April.—The Roadsucker, a sort of manumotive tricycle, is the latest athletic innovation. A six days' Road-sculling race, in which several well-known oarsmen will compete, is to be held at the Albert Palace in February.

SOME ANCIENT HELMETS

OUR illustrations represent some studies of ancient head-pieces. The first represents a bronze helmet, found in the Fens at Hitcham Gavel, of the time of the Roman occupation. This is chiefly composed of gilt bronze, built up of several pieces riveted upon an iron skull-cap. 2. Greek helmet of bronze. The various lines are beaten up, and a little human face has been fixed in the front. 3. Etruscan bronze helmet, with cheek-pieces. This is precisely the same as one in the Etruscan Museum at Florence, and there is a counterpart of it in the British Museum. 4. Bronze helmet found in the bed of the Ilissus at Athens; along the edges is stamped an ovolo and wave pattern. 5. "Spider" helmet, said to have belonged to a



brake, the same apparatus can be caused to ring a warning bell on the engine.

Not long ago we were led to imagine by various reports in the French papers that the secret of aerial navigation had been solved, but the experiments made do not seem to have ended in anything practical. Another inventor has come upon the scene with what is described as a new military balloon, which is said to be capable of being guided in any direction which the occupant of its car may desire. The details of construction are kept secret, with a view that the invention should remain the sole property of the French military authorities. The different directions in which this new aerial vessel is driven are dependent upon taking advantage of currents in the atmosphere which are well known to vary in direction at different altitudes, so the invention apparently resolves itself into a method of rising or sinking in the air to find these varied currents without the loss of either gas or ballast, obstacles which have prevented this consummation being attained by former experimenters. We should imagine that these results are produced by compressing the gas in a suitable steel reservoir when it is desired to descend, and by letting it out into the balloon when a higher altitude is desired. This would be by no means impossible to accomplish, especially as we learn that the new balloon is furnished with an electric motor. This motor, besides being used for driving a fan for propelling the air vessel, could of course be applied to gas-compressing pumps.

At a recent meeting of the Liverpool Astronomical Society Mr. W. F. Denning read an interesting paper on "Comet-Seeking." In this paper he recorded that there were very few observers who applied themselves seriously to sweeping the skies for comets; and he contrasted the paucity of results in this country with the circumstance that two American observers had, in the past six years, each discovered nine of these erratic members of the solar system, and had received for these discoveries more than 2,700/- in prizes. He described this work of comet-seeking as very fit employment for amateur telescopes, and he said that instruments of between four-inch and ten-inch aperture could be used. He also noticed that the

Scotch Cup, which they should now win. Drawn matches have been frequent. Blackburn Rovers have played draws with Preston North End and Bolton Wanderers, and West Bromwich Albion drew Notts County, the score in each case being three goals all. North defeated South somewhat easily at the Oval last week, the Southern team being considerably weaker than as first arranged.—The Casuals held a very successful "smoker" on Saturday.—In Rugby matches, Somersetshire beat Yorkshire (the winners play Lancashire to-day, Saturday), Richmond the Harlequins, London Scottish Blackheath, and Cardiff Swansea. The Committee of the Rugby Union warn any of their players who may think of joining the proposed football team for Australia that the laws against professionalism will be strictly enforced, and that a player must not be compensated for loss of time.—The Halifax Club have illuminated their ground with the electric light.

THE TURF.—No meetings have been held since we last wrote and the frost has greatly interfered with training operations.—The Hall at Middleham, the residence of Mr. Robert Osborne, the youngest of the well-known brothers of the Ashgill training-establishment, was burned to the ground last week.—As Sir George Chetwynd has not thought fit to take legal action against Lord Durham, the Jockey Club have announced their intention of holding an inquiry into the matters at issue.—The entries for the spring handicaps show a slight falling-off as compared with last year, when there were 462 entries for the nine events, as against 446 this year. The City and Suburban has secured 60.—Friar's Balsam has been backed for the Derby at 5 to 2, and Ossory at 14 to 1.

BILLIARDS.—A very interesting match was that between Roberts and Mitchell, last week, in which the champion played spot-barred, while his opponent was limited to forty consecutive spot-strokes. Roberts played in magnificent form throughout the week, but the handicap was too much for him, and eventually Mitchell won by 334 points. Peall, who beat North in their spot-barred match, last week, is endeavouring to give White 5,000 in 15,000 all in; while Roberts is conceding 3,000 in 12,000, spot-

regiment of horse formed by Henri Quatre. The hanging bars can be turned up and fixed under the plate at the top. 6. Helmet, with nose, cheek, and neck-pieces, probably Polish, or Hungarian. 7. Saracen helmet, of the time of the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. It is forged in one piece, like a fourteenth century basinet. 8. Bronze helmet found in the Tigris near the supposed site of the passage of the Ten Thousand. It takes the form of a felt hat tied round the head. 9. German casque, skilfully forged with three combs, about 1550. 10. Tournament helm of Sir Giles Capel, probably used by him at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. 11. German tilting helm of great strength, of the Maximilian period, about 1500. 12. Helm of Sir Richard Pembridge, died 1375. This stood over the effigy in Hereford Cathedral until it was given by the Dean and Chapter to Sir S. Meyrick. The excessive rarity of helmets of this period makes it one of the most interesting in existence. 13. Helmet of about 1515, engraved in parts, and forged with the utmost skill; the fluting of the crown, and the workmanship of the twisted comb, are triumphs of the armourer's art. 14. Privy cap of defence, or *secretum*; a steel frame made to fold up and carry in the pocket, and on emergency to place in the crown of the cap. Brantôme tells us that many Italians were killed in duels at Milan, although they were armed with jacques of mail, gauntlets, and *segreti in testa*. 15. Helmet of the time of Mary, with a vistor in the form of a grotesque face, belonging to the Maximilian period. 16. Armet, about 1490. This was the immediate precursor of the close helmet; in addition to the cheek pieces hinged to the crown, this example also shows the characteristic disc fixed on the tail piece, for the protection of the opening at the back of the helmet; on either side are holes for hearing.

In connection with our illustrations, we may mention that some years ago an Exhibition of Ancient Helmets was held in the rooms of the Royal Archaeological Institute. This collection was of considerable interest, inasmuch as one hundred and seventy original examples were brought together and chronologically arranged, with a view to a comparative study of ancient head-pieces.

JANUARY 21, 1888

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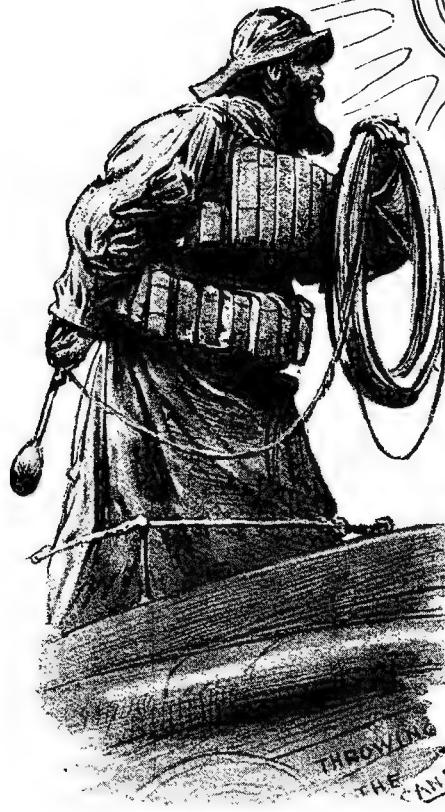
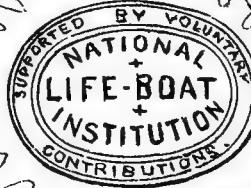
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Royal National Life Boat Institution.



OUR SAILORS, and all those "who go down to the sea in ships," should unceasingly support and unremittingly urge upon all their friends the claims of the above noble Institution, to which the whole world owes a never-to-be-cancelled debt of gratitude for its persistent efforts, through good and evil report, through (in its early days) much discouragement, for the saving of life round the stormy coasts of our "tight little island," which efforts have now been strenuously maintained for a period of sixty-three years. A preliminary meeting was held at the London Tavern on the 12th of February, 1824 (through the instrumentality of Sir William Hillary and Mr. Thomas Wilson, then one of the representatives in Parliament for the City of London), Mr. Wilson in the chair, when the following resolution was unanimously carried :—

"That this meeting, taking into consideration the frequent loss of human life by shipwreck, and believing that by the preconcerted exertions of practical men, and the adoption of practicable means, such calamities might often be averted, are of opinion that a National Institution should be formed (to be supported by voluntary donations and subscriptions) for the preservation of life in cases of shipwreck on the coasts of the United Kingdom; for affording such immediate assistance to the persons rescued as their necessities may require; for conferring rewards on those who preserve their fellow-creatures from destruction; for granting relief to the destitute families of any who may unfortunately perish in their attempts to save the lives of others."

It was then arranged that a general meeting should be held on the 4th of March following, with a view to the formation of a National Shipwreck Institution, and in the mean time Mr. Wilson was successful in obtaining the consent of His Majesty King George IV. to become the patron of the Institution, of their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York, Sussex, Clarence, Cambridge, and Prince Leopold, as its Vice-Patrons; and the Earl of Liverpool as its President. The Archbishops, the Bishops of London, Durham, Bath and Wells, and Bristol, Lord John Russell and many others gave their names in support of the Institution.

On the 4th of March a general meeting was held, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Manners Sutton) presiding. The result was the establishment of the Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck. Sir William

Hillary, on his return to the Isle of Man, established in 1826 a District Lifeboat Association, and four lifeboats were built and stationed in Douglas Bay, Castletown, Peel, and Ramsay between 1827-32. Sir William, accompanied on one occasion by his son, saved many lives; but his greatest success was on the 20th November, 1830, when he saved in the lifeboat twenty-two men—the whole of the crew of the mail steamer *St. George*, which struck on St. Mary's Rock, and became a total wreck. On this occasion he was washed overboard with three others, and was saved with great difficulty, having six ribs fractured.

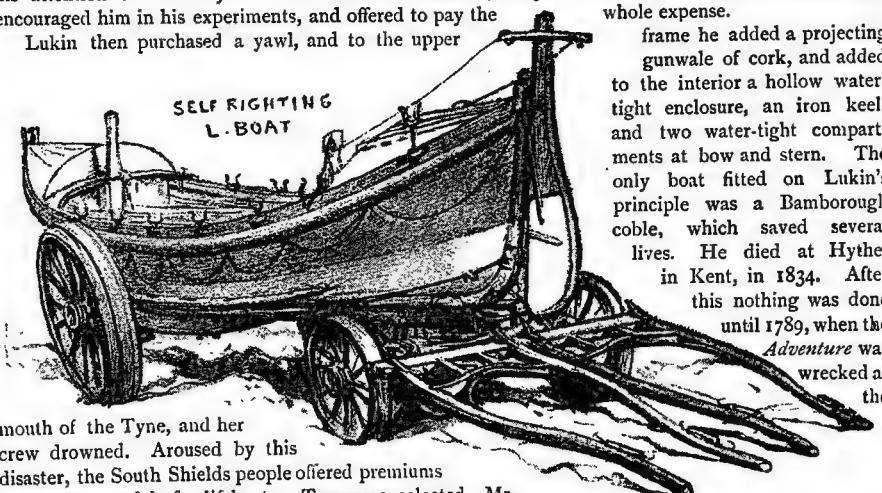
During the first year of its existence the receipts of the Royal National Institution reached the sum of 9,826l. 6s. 6d., and the Committee in their first report announced that twelve lifeboats had been built by them and stationed round the coast, and that thirty-nine lifeboats had been supplied by benevolent individuals and associations not connected with the Institution. The Institution had also placed the mortar apparatus of Captain Manby at sixteen different stations. Afterwards, owing to insufficient support, the Royal National Institution was compelled to abandon two important branches of its benevolence, the supply of mortar apparatus, and the wants of sailors who had been saved from shipwreck. The first of these is now

efficiently performed by the Board of Trade, and the second by the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariner's Society. In the *second* year of the Royal National Institution the receipts amounted to 2,392l. 7s. 5d. (oh, what a falling-off was there!). From the next nine reports of the Institution we find that its annual receipts never amounted to the total of even the *second* year of its establishment. The Royal National Institution nevertheless pluckily did its best, and pursued its life-saving operations to the full extent of its limited means.

The credit of the first design of a lifeboat is claimed by several; for, although Mr. H. Greathead, a boatbuilder of South Shields, designed and built a lifeboat about 1789, yet there is no doubt that Mr. Lionel Lukin, a coachbuilder in Long Acre, had designed and fitted a boat for saving life in cases of shipwreck, which he called an "unimmovable boat," some four or five years before Greathead.

Lukin was a native of Dunmow, in Essex (inland), but had learned "that by the oversetting and sinking of both sailing and rowing boats many valuable lives had been lost," and in 1784 turned his attention to the subject. The Prince of Wales (George IV.), who knew Lukin personally, encouraged him in his experiments, and offered to pay the whole expense.

Lukin then purchased a yawl, and to the upper



frame he added a projecting gunwale of cork, and added to the interior a hollow watertight enclosure, an iron keel, and two water-tight compartments at bow and stern. The only boat fitted on Lukin's principle was a Bamborough coble, which saved several lives. He died at Hythe, in Kent, in 1834. After this nothing was done until 1789, when the *Adventure* was

wrecked at the mouth of the Tyne, and her crew drowned. Aroused by this disaster, the South Shields people offered premiums for the best model of a lifeboat. Two were selected—Mr. W. Wouldhave's and Mr. H. Greathead's. Mr. Wouldhave had been assisting to place a skeel of water on a woman's head, and had noticed that she had a piece of a wooden dish floating on the water, and he observed that it always righted itself, keeping the points upward. This suggested to him the lines of his lifeboat, which he constructed, and which was long known at Shields by the name of "Wouldhave's cork boat." The boats of Wouldhave and Greathead differed in the shape of the keel, and in the substitution of cork for the side air-chambers; but the special point in which Greathead's boat differed from both Lukin's and Wouldhave's consisted in making the keel curved instead of straight, and it is owing, no doubt, to this improvement, which was unmistakably Greathead's plan, that he has been always regarded as the inventor of the life-boat, and entitled to a national reward. Wouldhave rests from his labours in the Church of St. Hilda, South Shields, his tomb surmounted by a lifeboat and graced by the following inscription :—

Sacred to the Memory of
WILLIAM WOULDHAVE,
WHO DIED SEPT. 28TH, 1821,
AGED 70 YEARS,
Clerk of this Church,
and Inventor of that invaluable blessing
to mankind

THE LIFEBOAT.

Heaven genius scientifick gave,
Surpassing vulgar boat; yet he from soil
So rich, no golden harvest reaped; no wreath
Of laurel gleamed, nor but the sailors' heart,
Nor that ingrate. A Palm unfading this
Till shipwrecks cease, or lifeboats cease to
Save.

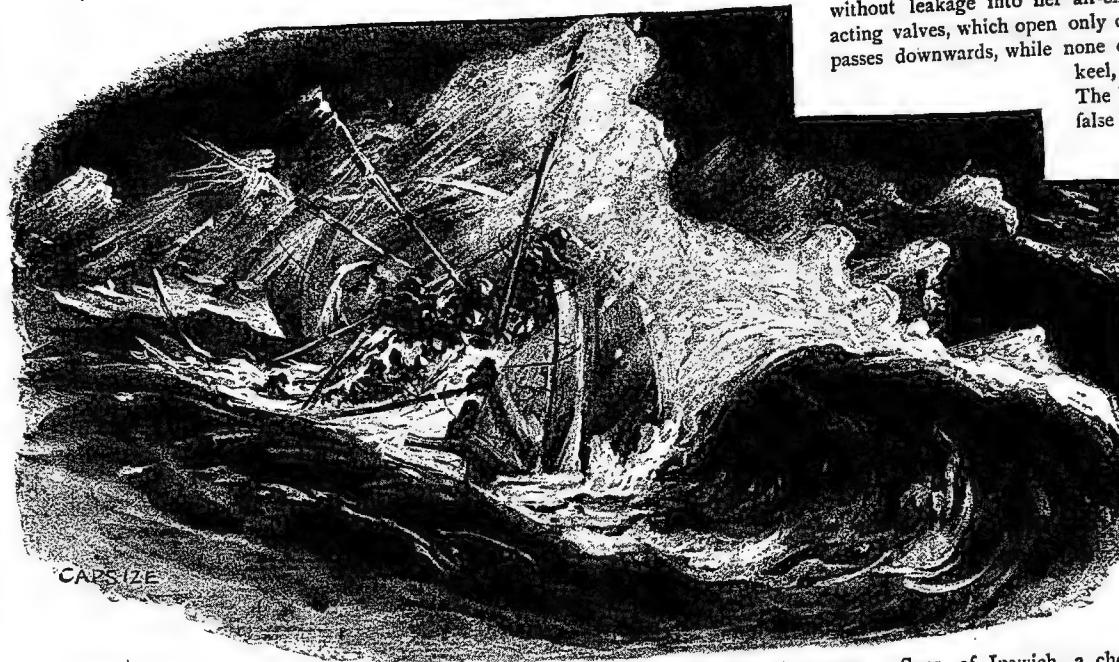


A model of Woullhave's lifeboat was suspended to the chandelier in the church.

In 1791 Greathead's boat saved a crew at the mouth of the Tyne. Up to 1797 it saved a number of lives. No other was built until 1798, when the Duke of Northumberland ordered one to be built at his expense by Greathead, and also endowed it. Others were stationed by the Duke at Oporto and St. Andrews. By the end of 1803 Mr. Greathead had built thirty-one boats. In 1802, by which time 200 lives had been saved at the mouth of the Tyne alone, Greathead applied to Parliament for a reward, and was voted the sum of £1,200. The Trinity House voted 105/-, Lloyd's ditto, the Society of Arts gave a gold medal and fifty guineas, and the Czar of All the Russias a diamond ring. One of Greathead's lifeboats was split in half on the South Bush Rock in 1810, and her crew of thirty-four were all drowned.

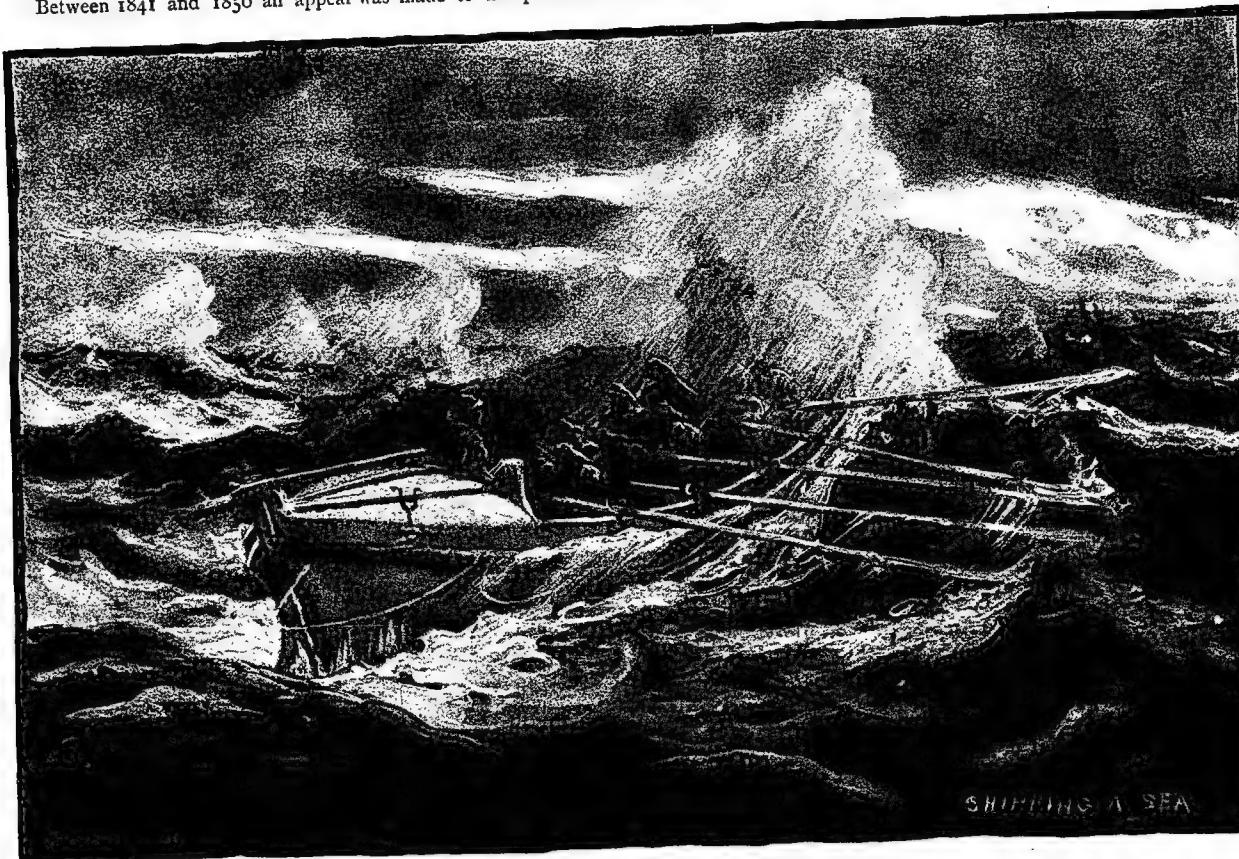
His first boat was lost in 1821, but no lives. But even now several of his original lifeboats, which are exclusively rowing-boats, are to be found on the coast—the oldest one is that in the possession of the boatmen of Redcar, it having been built in 1802.

Between 1841 and 1850 an appeal was made to the public on



of the Institution, the Royal National Institution boat "may now truly be designated an *omnium gatherum*, and cannot be looked upon as any one man's design or invention."

This self-righting boat is the one portrayed on her carriage in our third illustration. She has a watertight-deck at the loadwater line,



behalf of the Royal National Institution, when the following accident occurred to the South Shields Lifeboat on the 4th of December, 1849, when, manned by twenty-four pilots, she went out to the *Betsy* on the Herd Sand. A heavy sea was on from the eastward, a light wind, and strong ebb tide. She reached the wreck after a fight, and was ranged alongside, bow to the eastward, a rope fast to the quarter, but the headfast not properly secured, and the crew of the *Betsy* brig were making for the lifeboat when a heavy sea, washing back from the *Betsy*, lifted the bow and turned her a complete somersault, making a jumble of the crew and water in the stern-sheets, and before she could right another strong sea settled her, and she ultimately washed ashore keel up. Twenty out of twenty-four (double her proper crew) were drowned under the boat, a danger only too common at the present time (*vide* Southport disaster). The plan of the late S. Palmer, Esq., of Nazing Park, Essex, for fitting life-boats was adopted by the Institution in 1828, but in 1852 was superseded by the self-righting principle.

In 1854 the title of the Society was altered to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck, and in 1860 Her Majesty was pleased to grant a Charter of Incorporation to the Institution, and Algernon, Duke of Northumberland, became its President.

In 1850 the Duke of Northumberland offered a prize of 100 guineas for the best model of a lifeboat, together with a like sum to defray the cost of building a boat on the model to be chosen, and in the result 280 models and plans were sent in. Mr. James Beeching of Great Yarmouth was the successful candidate, and he constructed a twelve-oared boat, thirty-six feet long—the first self-righting lifeboat ever constructed—and it was purchased by the Ramsgate Harbour Commissioners; he also constructed other boats, though not strictly conforming to the original design. An improvement on Mr. Beeching's design was built by Mr. Peake, and proved satisfactory. This class of boat, with certain important modifications and improvements in form, the Royal National Lifeboat Institution has continued to adopt up to the present time, introducing every improvement that modern science and actual trials could suggest, so that, in the words of the late Mr. Lewis, Secretary

without leakage into her air-chambers. In her these tubes have self-acting valves, which open only downwards, so that any water she ships none can pass upwards. She also has an iron keel, varying in weight from 3 cwt. to 21 cwt. The latest pattern of self-righting boat has a false keel, or centre-board, giving increased stability, and also water-ballast. The addition of battens on the raised deck, fore and aft, enables the rescued or rescuers to pass from the wreck over the decks, or air-cases—a feat previously difficult, if not impossible.

Her carriage is again a combined invention—the outcome of the brains of three inventors. In 1852, Colonel J. Nisbett Colquhoun, R.A., Chairman of the Royal National Institution's Carriage, House, and Rocket Sub-Committee, caused to be built from his own designs, in the Royal Arsenal, a carriage which was afterwards abandoned on account of its weight and cost; all the later patterns were, however, modifications of this. On his death, Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Tulloh, R.A., took the matter up, and, with the help of Messrs. Ransome and

Sons, of Ipswich, a cheaper and lighter carriage was produced, but was not sufficiently simple for the crews to handle. Captain Ward, the Inspector of Lifeboats for the Royal National Institution, then took the matter in hand, and submitted designs which were adopted, and have been used by the Royal National Institution up to the present date.

Another illustration represents Richardson's Tubular Lifeboat. She has a large amount of stability, and consists of two tubes parallel to each other, a few feet apart, having her ends turned upwards and downwards, with an open-work or grating-deck, with corresponding thwarts, all supported above the tubes. It was designed by H. and H. T. Richardson, father and son, who first used one on a lake in Wales. At Manchester they built a full-sized boat, forty feet long, and rowing fourteen oars, and made a coasting-voyage in it from Liverpool to the Thames. She was stationed at Oporto. Only three are in use—one at Rhyl, and two at the mouth of the Mersey.

Our illustration on the fourth page represents the Norfolk and Suffolk lifeboats. These boats represent a distinct class; they are only seventeen in number, twelve of them being exclusively sailing-boats, varying from thirty-six to forty-six feet in length, and from ten and a-half to twelve feet in breadth. As the larger ones are unworkable in a sea under oars, and have frequently to work to windward against heavy gales, it is indispensable that they should be heavily ballasted; to this end they are provided with water-ballast, besides their iron keels. This ballast is admitted by the valves that automatically relieve the boat of water, the valves which exclude the water being opened before launching. In the largest class the quantity admitted is seven tons, and is not retained in a tank, but fills all spare spaces. Cross air-cases at bow and stern confine it lengthwise. These boats have iron keels, varying from 12 to 17 cwt. Under a heavy sea these boats are entirely submerged, and the crew hold on by the ridge-ropes, rove through iron stanchions fixed to the gunwales.

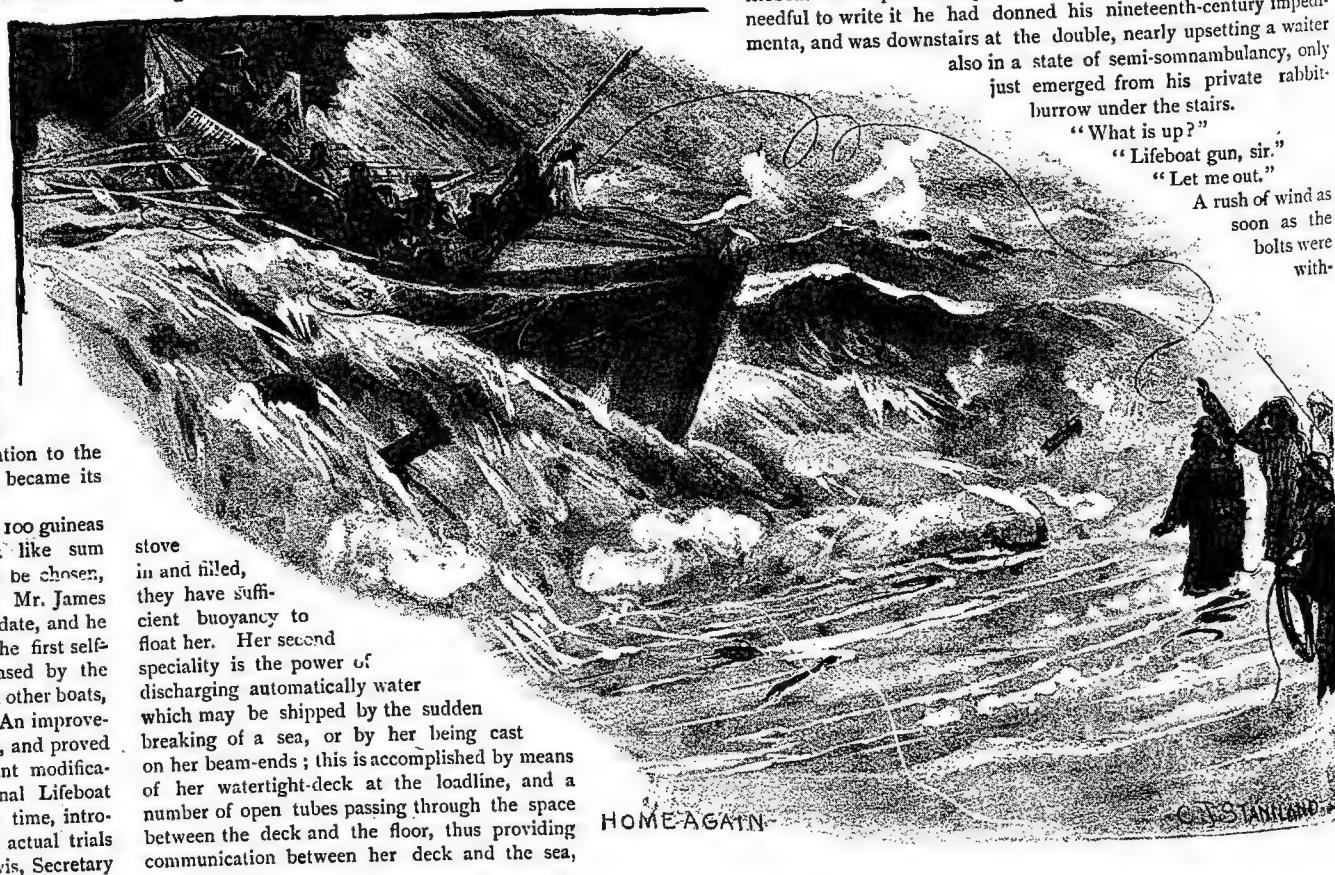
Our fourth drawing represents the launch of a self-righting boat from the carriage through the surf on the beach.

In cases where, as at Ramsgate, the boat is permanently moored afloat in the harbour, she is towed out by a tug to the near neighbourhood of the wreck, as in our illustration on page 63.

The writer was once staying at an hotel in the neighbourhood of a lifeboat station, when, after a hard day's walk, having retired to rest and to sleep (the sleep of the tired), he suddenly found himself sitting up in bed, with the well-known half-awake, half-asleep feeling that something is wrong (as one frequently wakes up on the first peal of thunder in a storm, wondering what is the matter). A flash lighted up the room, and the dull report of a gun, probably the second, completed the process of awakening. Though tired, the prospect of a lifeboat-launch proved a speedy eye-opener, and in less time than is needful to write it he had donned his nineteenth-century impedimenta, and was downstairs at the double, nearly upsetting a waiter also in a state of semi-somnambulancy, only just emerged from his private rabbit-burrow under the stairs.

"What is up?"
"Lifeboat gun, sir."
"Let me out."

A rush of wind as soon as the bolts were withdrawn.



stove
in and filled,
they have suffi-
cient buoyancy to
float her. Her second
specialty is the power of
discharging automatically water
which may be shipped by the sudden
breaking of a sea, or by her being cast
on her beam-ends; this is accomplished by means
of her watertight-deck at the loadline, and a
number of open tubes passing through the space
between the deck and the floor, thus providing
communication between her deck and the sea,

HOME AGAIN

C. STANLAND

drawn, nearly laying the S.W. on his back in the hall, and a sally forth into the outer blackness, where the cold air almost took away his breath, and the writer was hurrying down a series of narrow circuitous lanes towards the beach. Another flash, and, leaning against the solid mass of wind hurtling up from the salty darkness, he eventually reached the beach—a dreary, dark void, no life stirring. He feels kinder foolish. He listens—nothing but the howl and shriek of the wind, and the rattle and swish of the shingle on the beach. He turns to

regain his hotel, when a sound breaks, or hardly breaks, but sighs through the silence—a quiet patter, like the gentle thud of a rabbit on a sandy warren as he leaves you. But the sound grows; a shout breaks on the silence; then a cheer, a crack of whips, and, growing louder and coming nearer, heralds the approach of the lifeboat on its carriage, drawn by four sturdy carthorses, and urged forward by the willing shoulders of its followers through the deep sand and heavy shingle. Slowly but surely it comes on. Then, with a wheel round at the edge of the boiling surf, she is backed with her bow to the sea, the horses are detached, and volunteers speedily man the launching-ropes. Her crew tumble aboard, and, after a short wait for sufficient water, they run the rope up the beach, and away goes the lifeboat through the boiling surf and a general smother on her errand of mercy (Illustration 5), leaving behind her a sickness of heart among the wives and relatives of the lifeboatmen. Will they ever return again? Hour after hour passes. It is cold—the coldest hour that comes before the dawn, has come and passed. The grey cold light from the east lights up, the drawn faces of the wives and mothers with a ghastly pallor, showing up their set lips and eyes weary and red with watching. But there is no sign. The veterans who (too old for active service) have remained on the beach after assisting in the launch, gather under any little lee (as an upturned boat or a groyne), with their glasses wearily scan the horizon, and as dolefully shake their heads. The faces of the women, watching theirs, take if possible a more ashen and hopeless tinge (your salted veteran is usually a pessimist, does not take cheerful views, has a general notion that any one who goes out in a boat without him is a youngster, a greenhorn, and will infallibly be drowned).

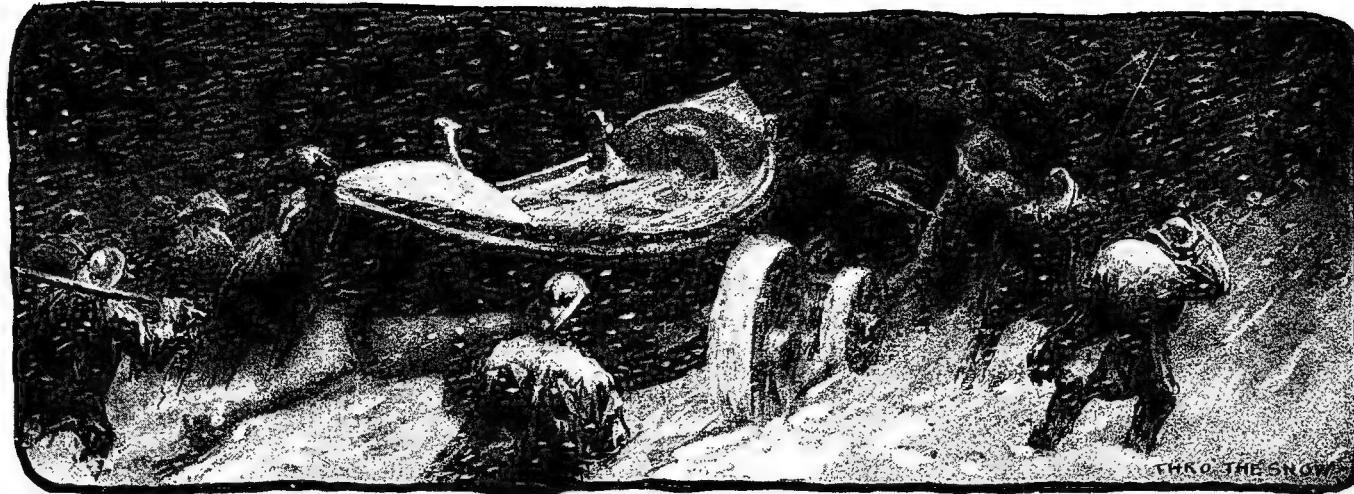
The light grows and grows. Old boats and wreckage on the beach take mysterious, not to say ghastly forms, but the glasses reveal no secrets to weary watchers.

At last a comparatively young old salt (about sixty-five) gives a shout, "There she is," another salt (about eighty) says, "Oh, it's only young Ephraim, he's no 'count,' but in the end young Ephraim is right. A mere dot, a speck on the horizon, she is seen labouring towards the shore. Four or five miles away, it is only as she rises on the crest of a surging wave that she can be discerned, as she sinks into the hollow, a long-drawn "Ah!!" rises up from each of the watchers, whose sight is hawk-like enough to detect the speck on the waste of waters. Will she rise once more? She rises, she falls, and rises again, and in the end fetches the beach once more (see illustration 6). She brings back a rescued crew of six, but, alas! she also brings tidings of four of the shipwrecked crew drowned, and, worse news for the weary watchers on shore, of two of the lifeboat crew washed out of the boat and drowned before their impotent fellows' eyes, and a shriek goes up from a young wife on the dreary beach, and evil tidings are borne to an old mother, whose only comfort and support has gone down into the remorseless maw of the ever-hungry sea. Such are the chances and perils of a lifeboatman who is always "Ready, ay, Ready," at the call of his coxswain to peril his life and the happiness of his nearest and dearest, and whose aim is *Duty*.

But the living must be served. The boat comes thundering on to the shingle, the rope is thrown and caught, and the old salts, staunch to the end, though short of wind, lay hold of it, and run her up out of the reach of the surf. The carriage is again backed, the lifeboat run up on to it, and is driven to its house ready for the next call; the saved go home to rejoice, and, alas! the mourners to weep; and the writer goes home (at least to his hotel) to breakfast. Such is life.

A few representative cases quoted from the *Lifeboat Journal* of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, by the kind permission of Charles Dibdin, Esq., their Secretary, will probably enable the general reader to form a better idea of the perils to which the lifeboat man is exposed.

"PORTHLEVEN.—On the 5th of October twenty-five fishing boats left the harbour between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, the sea being then comparatively smooth. At 10.30 it was seen by the harbour authorities that there was a very heavy ground sea raging, and a red flag was hoisted, signifying 'haste to harbour.' The boats immediately made for the shore, but found there was great danger in running in. The lifeboat *Charles Henry Wright* was launched, and in two hours, amidst heavy seas, towed safely into the harbour eight of the boats, with sixteen men on board them, their crews being afraid to enter without the assistance of the lifeboat, and even with that help great danger was incurred, several boats narrowly escaping being driven on the rocks or foundering. Constabularies, wearing life-belts with lines attached to them, were also



THRU THE SNOW

stationed on the western rocks, ready to render assistance if required.

"CLOVELLY.—During a whole gale from the north-west, accompanied by a tremendous sea, on the 15th of October, the steamer *Valeria*, of Cardiff, bound from Briton Ferry for Portland with a cargo of coal, hoisted signals of distress. The *Graham Hughes* lifeboat was launched at 3.40 P.M., and on reaching the vessel found that she was riding very heavily, with both anchors down. The crew of eight men were taken from their perilous position into the lifeboat, and safely landed. On rounding the pier on her return to the shore a tremendous sea struck the broadside of the boat, heaving her a distance of sixty yards, and landing her broadside on the beach to the eastward of the lifeboat house.

Fortunately, she was saved.

"HOYLE.—The brig *Albert Wilhelm*, of Barth, Germany,

bound from the Isle of Man for Fowey, in ballast, bore up into St. Ives Bay, on October 17, during a strong gale from the north-north-west and a heavy sea, became embayed, and was driven ashore on the Hoyle side of Hawk Point, the main-mast going by the board as she struck. Information

of the casualty having been received, the *Isis* lifeboat was promptly launched, and proceeded to the rescue. Three attempts to cross the bar were made, and eventually the boat was compelled to return ashore, seven of the oars having been lost and broken. Fresh oars were obtained, six fresh men took the places of those of the crew who were exhausted by their former efforts, and the lifeboat again put off, succeeded in reaching the vessel, and rescued five of her crew. Four others had previously been taken off by the St. Ives rocket apparatus, the rocket brigade working most gallantly, up to their waists in a heavy sea, against very great difficulties, the beach at that point being very flat."

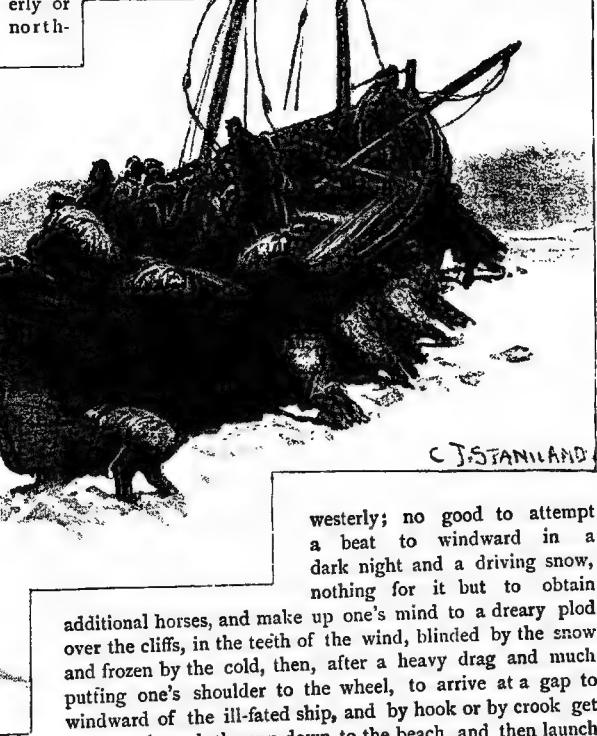
Sometimes the boat never returns from her life-saving errand, as

the falling snow, picture to themselves the case of a lifeboat man called out in the middle of a winter's night, say, 1 or 2 A.M.

He leaves his warm bed and his sleeping household, not knowing whether he may ever see them again; he plods his way through the falling snow to the Lifeboat House; a telegram, or mounted messenger, has arrived to say that a vessel is ashore five miles to the westward of the station; the wind is west-erly or north-



LAUNCHING A NORFOLK BOAT



C. J. STANILAND

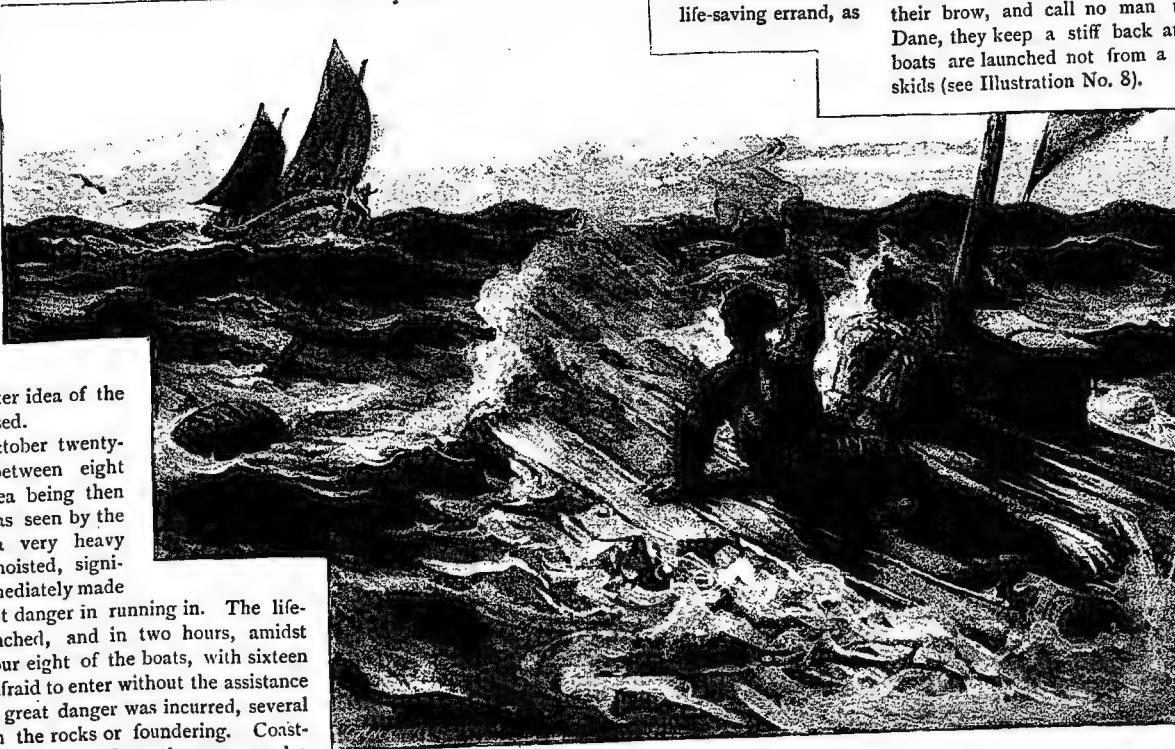
westerly; no good to attempt a beat to windward in a dark night and a driving snow, nothing for it but to obtain additional horses, and make up one's mind to a dreary plod over the cliffs, in the teeth of the wind, blinded by the snow and frozen by the cold, then, after a heavy drag and much putting one's shoulder to the wheel, to arrive at a gap to windward of the ill-fated ship, and by hook or by crook get the boat through the gap down to the beach, and then launch her through the surf into a boiling sea, and off through the darkness to the wreck.

Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, think of the poor Lifeboatman, think that at some future time you might (in these days of scurrying over our little globe) be on board that hapless vessel, and do your best to make life as bearable as you can for him.

The third class of boat—the Norfolk and Suffolk, or surf boat—is the one of which the writer has the largest experience; he has helped to launch the Caister boat some twenty times, has lived amongst the men, off and on, for many years, and has learned to love and respect them—a more noble, self-respecting, hard-working class of men live not in this little island. For staunch friends through good and evil report, give me East Anglians; they live by the sweat of their brow, and call no man master—a mixture of Saxon and Dane, they keep a stiff back and always hold their own. Their boats are launched not from a carriage, but from the beach, on skids (see Illustration No. 8).

The coasts of Norfolk and Suffolk, say from Harwich to the Wash, and more especially in the neighbourhood of Great Yarmouth, have an evil reputation for the numerous and treacherous shifting sand-banks lying off them—sands that on a dark night will bring up a tall ship and lay her in matchwood on the sands in a brief half-hour, and, but for the lifeboats, God help the crew and passengers; but, thanks to the Institution, they are there, and many a shipwrecked waif on the East Coast has cause to bless it and its founders.

These boats are mostly worked by companies, as they are called, of beachmen, each member of a company buying a share in the yawls, punts and gear, and taking his share of expenses of repair, and also helping to work the lifeboat. They are governed by a set





of printed rules too long for this brief article. Provision is made in them for widows, who are allowed to put a man in to work their share. He is called a widow's man, and shares the money earned by the boats with the widow.

The writer used for some years to lodge at a house No. 1 from the beach, though it had no number, and was a sweet stuff and general shop, kept by Tom George, commonly called Tom Pout, or, at any rate, by his wife, and in close proximity to the beachmen's shed, or *shod*, in the East Anglian vocabulary. Upon this hangs a tale, or any way a Big Bell (capitals, please), which rings out the alarm to the city of Caister by Great Yarmouth, when a wreck occurs on the neighbouring sands, which are many and numerous.

The writer on retiring to roost would place a pea-jacket, unmentionables, socks, and boots by the side of his humble couch, and on the first stroke of the Lifeboat Bell, would dive out of bed, insinuate himself into pea-jacket, &c., and rush down the narrow

stairs, sometimes coming into collision with Tom Pout, Esq., on the road (poor Tom the last time I saw him was past lifeboat work, and in sorrow, having just lost his nephew, Jack Sutton, by the disastrous yawl accident which had plunged Caister into mourning), and out into the deep and holding sand belonging and appertaining to those parts. Hollaing, plunging, and colliding, come from all points the Caister heroes (the East Anglian has lungs), in costume various, with trousers and without, with shirts and without; mostly without shoes, they make their way to the *shod*, where, hanging from the rafters, are their oilies and sou'-westers, and, reposing under the benches, are their boots and boot-stockings.

There is for a few minutes a Pandemonium. Scuffling, shouting, shouts of "Hurry up, boys!" from the coxswain, Philip George, and then an empty shed and a plodding line working their way through the deep sugary sand to the lifeboat (you can't run on Caister sands); then, while some tumble on board, getting in masts and sails, others take away the legs that hold the boat upright, while the skids are placed in line with the boat.

The Caister broad-backs keep the boat on the level by placing their B.B.'s under the cork jacket surrounding her, and amid shouts of "Hold her up; keep her up, Aaron," and sometimes stronger language, she keeps on her even way to the surf. The hauling-off warp is taken on board, the remainder of the crew tumble in, and with a genuine East-Anglian shout of "Yo, ho, hi, hi, hiiiiii!" the boat gathers way on her porpoise-oiled skids. As she goes over and clears the one at her stern, it is caught up by two beachmen and aligned with her bows. She is kept moving steadily over her skids, and at last her bluff bows smash into the breakers, shipping tons of water. The next wave catches her, but the knowing ones are ready with the set, they ship it on the stern-post, and, with a shout, send her off into the yeasty foam.

Up goes the red-tanned foresail, up the orange mizen, fire flashes against the breaking spray, and, heeling over to an angle which looks fatal, she lurches off, the hauling-off warp is sent to take

care of itself, and, clear of the beach, she is fighting her way, first over the Barber, then over the Scroby, away to the North Cross Sand, where for some hours a miserable, hopeless crew have been hoping against hope, and hanging on by their eyelids, as sailors say, awaiting succour from the shore.

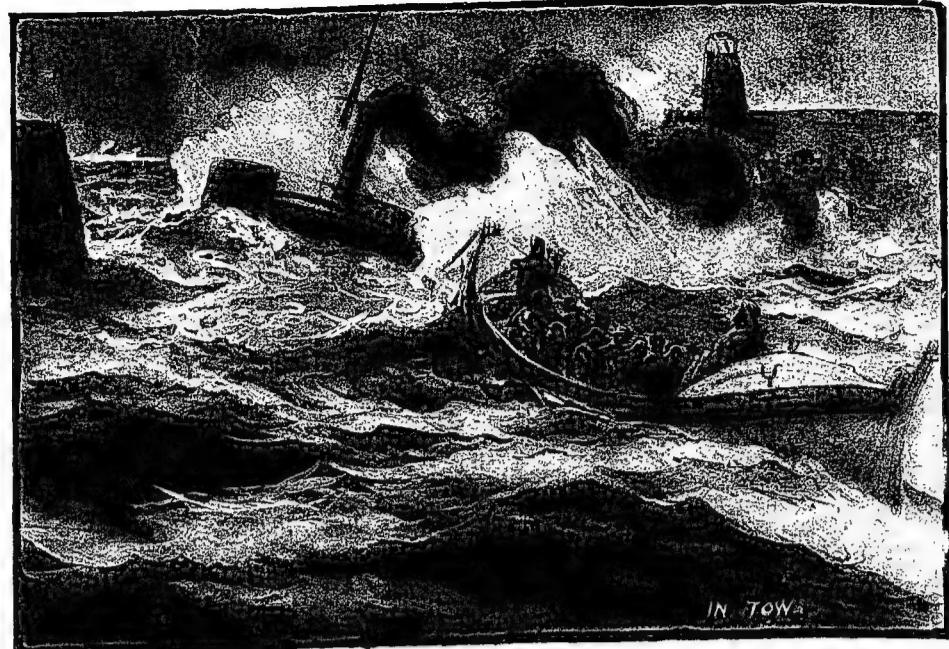
Succour comes none too soon. Hope is nearly dead, when the boat, anchoring to windward, veers down to the wreck, and takes the exhausted crew on board and makes for shore. There a pony-cart is chartered from the village, and the rescued men are driven off to the Sailors' Home at Yarmouth (see above illustration), where they are cared for and forwarded to their homes.

From the Annual Report just published by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, we learn that during the past year twenty new lifeboats were placed on the coast, all furnished with the latest improvements, and gratifying reports have been made, showing that the coxswains and crews consider them far superior to the boats they superseded. Between the 1st of January and the 31st of December new stations were established at Southsea, Workington, Dornoch, Firth, and Fethard, and new lifeboats were despatched to Aberdovey, Blyth, Bude, Ilfracombe, Lytham, Maryport, Newquay (Cardiganshire), Porthoustock, Portmadoc, St. Ives (Cornwall), Sheringham, Southport, Troon, Whithorn, Greystones, and Howth. It is satisfactory to know that the Institution was in great measure placed in a position to meet the heavy expense entailed by the construction of these boats by legacies or gifts bequeathed or made for this special purpose.

Within the same period the Duncannon (Wexford) Station was abolished, and one of the Pakefield boats was transferred to

Lowestoft. New stations are also being established at Burry Port (Carmarthenshire) and Southport (Lancashire) in England and Wales, and in

Scotland to Stornoway, in the Island of Lewis. Boats of the newest type will also shortly be sent to Brighton (Sussex), St. Anne's (Lancashire), Scarborough, Staithes and Whitby (Yorkshire), and



in Ireland to Dungarvan (co. Waterford), Portrush (co. Antrim), and Wicklow (co. Wicklow). Within the same period the Duncannon station was abolished, and one of the Pakefield boats was transferred to Lowestoft.

At the end of 1866 the Institution's fleet comprised 293 life-boats, by the aid of which 601 lives and 33 vessels were saved during the year. Rewards were also given by the Committee for the rescue of 160 persons from drowning by means of shore boats, making a total of 761 lives saved in six months, and a grand total of 32,671 persons saved through the instrumentality of the Society since its establishment. During the year the lifeboats were launched on service 206 times, and about 800 times for inspection and exercise. Three of the launches on service were unfortunately attended by fatal consequences—viz., at Whitehaven, Southport, and St. Anne's. On January 7th the Whitehaven Lifeboat, when at anchor in a heavy sea on a night service, was thrown on her beam ends, and although she righted immediately, one of her crew was unfortunately swept away in the darkness by the strong tide then running, and drowned. A local subscription was at once raised on behalf of the poor man's widow and three young orphans, which the Institution headed with a contribution of 200.

The two other accidents, which were far more terrible in their results, occurred on December 10th and 11th, at Southport and St. Anne's in Lancashire. The lifeboats of both these places having been launched in response to signals of distress from the same vessel, in a gale of extraordinary force, were both capsized, and twenty-seven of the twenty-nine brave fellows who manned them perished.

The crew of the wrecked vessel were rescued by the coxswain and crew of the Lytham Lifeboat, who were able to land them safely, after five hours' exposure, and after a terrific struggle with the tremendous seas.

A few hours later the Lytham crew gallantly launched their boat and went in search of the missing St. Anne's Lifeboat. An inquiry into the cause of the accidents was held by the Board of Trade, in conjunction with the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, the report of which has since been published. This catastrophe, which excited the sympathy of the whole country, was the worst that has ever befallen our lifeboat service. A public subscription was opened for the relief of the sixteen widows and fifty orphans of the gallant men who had so heroically sacrificed their lives in endeavouring to save others. The Committee, always considering it to be the duty of the Institution to afford prompt and efficient help in cases where life has been lost in the service, at once subscribed 2,000*l.*, and funds (including a liberal donation from Her Majesty the Queen, ever ready to sympathise with the sorrows of her subjects) flowed in from all parts of the country, and also from the Continent, to the amount altogether of 30,000*l.*

Thirteen silver medals, 32 binocular glasses, 35 votes of thanks on vellum, and 6,630*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.* in cash, including grants to the widows and orphans of lifeboat men drowned on duty, were awarded by the Committee in 1886 for saving life, and a further sum of 5,285*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* was paid to the coxswains and crews for exercising the boats. The total expenditure for the year amounted to 47,066*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.*, while only 43,044*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* was received in subscriptions, donations, and dividends.

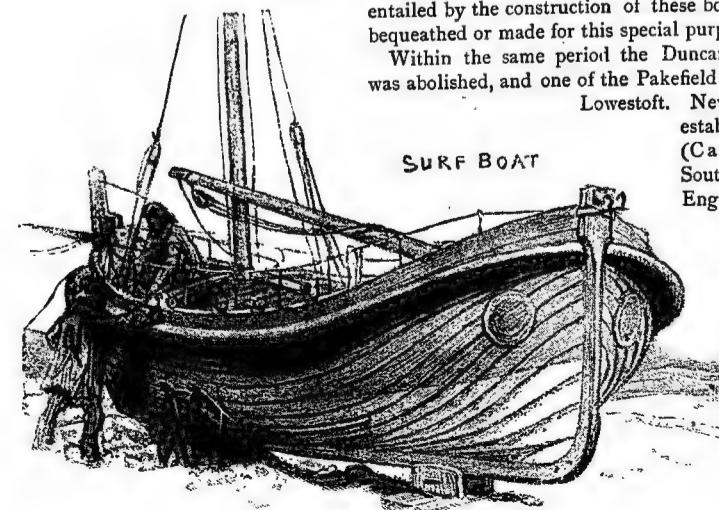
The demand for the beautiful aneroids which are supplied by the Institution at one-third of the retail price to fishermen on small coasters, although not quite so great as in the previous year, was considerable, and there is no doubt that the use of these valuable instruments has tended to diminish the loss of life on the coast.

The Report closes with an earnest appeal for help, which will, we trust, meet with a generous and ready response.—CHAS. J. STANILAND.



OFF TO THE SAILOR'S HOME, YARMOUTH.

SURF BOAT



IN HARNESS



DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

"Like it! Of course I like it. The place and its inhabitants"—here he took off his hat—"are alike charming."

THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

THERE were several things in Mr. Trevor's very concise epitome of his family affairs which Clara Thorne would have liked to have had explained to her. The laughing air with which he had expressed himself took away from his words much of their cynicism, but there still remained a flavour of bitterness. She somehow gathered from them that he was not a favourite with his mother, and that his brother was not a favourite with him. Considering, indeed, the brevity of the information accorded to her, it was full of significance, and promised to be very useful as a map of the country, but she could not conceal from herself that it had cost her something; that the young man had rather resented being subjected to her cross-examination. This he showed, however, not in his manner, which remained unaltered, but in the persistence with which he addressed his conversation to Lucy. There was plenty of it, for though every step of their way was down hill, their progress was slow; perhaps on the part of two out of the three, designedly so, though it seemed natural enough that at the many coigns of vantage on the hill-path the new-comer should linger over the scene, and have its beauties pointed out to him.

"It is all so different," he said, "from our home landscape at Minard, where we have no trees but poplars, and all the roads are straight."

"But perhaps you have the sea," observed Lucy.

"We are not far from it; and that, as you suggest, is a source of consolation; when one hears it, even when it is in a passion, one says to oneself, 'There speaks the silver streak, on the other side of which is dear England.'"

"You are patriotic, then," said Clara smiling.

"If patriotism means preference for one's own country, I certainly am; so are all Englishmen who live abroad, because they are in a position to make a comparison."

"Yet how all our people rave about the Continent!" remarked Clara.

"You may well say 'rave'; they see it in their holidays, and when it is itself *en file* for their reception. No Englishman lives there, unless for his pocket's sake (though he saves but little by it), or his health (which would generally be quite as good at home), or because he has reasons best known to himself for being an exile."

There was an uncomfortable silence, which the young man himself put an end to by a burst of laughter.

"Now you are thinking, after that tirade of mine, to which of those three causes our own exile from our native land is due; well, upon my word, I fear it's the last; at least I never could discover

what my father—though, no doubt, he had some reason both good and wise—could see in Minard that he should prefer it to his own home—and such a home!" and he waved his hand over the landscape admiringly in a very Continental manner.

"I am so glad you like what you have seen of Mirbridge," observed Clara.

"Like it! Of course I like it. The place and its inhabitants"—here he took off his hat—"are alike charming. Only I wish your sister had not laughed at me when I threw my arms about. I shall get out of it in time," he added apologetically; "but there is so much grimace and gesture in the Pas de Calais, and man is a creature of imitation."

"I was only smiling at your enthusiasm, Mr. Trevor," said Lucy; "not in ridicule of it, I do assure you; for, indeed, my sister and I both share it."

He looked at her as though he would have liked to share it with her alone, but answered nothing.

"We have heard, however, that both you and your brother have been long—or at least often—in England," remarked Clara.

"My brother has only crossed the Channel occasionally; but it is quite true that I have been long enough in London to have worn off, had I been a more sensible fellow, my French *gaucherie*."

"I did not know there was such a thing as French *gaucherie*," remarked Clara smiling. "We are accustomed to think it entirely a native product."

"Indeed, I hope you may find it so," he answered grimly; "in the mean time I am sorry to be the first to have destroyed the illusion."

"Mr. Trevor is fishing for a compliment, Lucy; do you happen to have one about you?" inquired Clara.

The young man laughed aloud; his grimness had disappeared as suddenly as it had come. "She is looking for one," he cried ecstatically.

"Then I can't find it," said Lucy, gravely; "you see I was not brought up in France."

"Now you have made her angry," exclaimed the young man, glancing indignantly at Clara. "It was not my fault this time, was it?" he added, turning pleadingly to Lucy. "As for French compliments, they are often like French bonbons, with something inside of them quite different from what they look like; but doubtless you speak French yourself."

"The French of Stratford-atte-Bowe, I am afraid," said Lucy smiling.

"That is her modesty I am sure," observed the young fellow.

"Is it not so?"

He appealed to the elder sister as though they were discussing a favourite child.

"If you are sure, you need not have asked me," was the chilling reply; "but as a matter of fact I believe Lucy and I speak French, considering we are stay-at-homes, passably well."

"I am glad of that for my mother's sake; you are now sure to be friends."

"Does not Lady Trevor then speak English with facility?" Her tone was now full of interest, and without the least trace of that annoyance which, indeed, only a passing irritation had wrung from her.

"She would hardly like me to say that; but she prefers, where it is possible, to use her native tongue. There always seems to me a certain artificial ring in her English—though it is perfectly good—which is absent, of course, in the case of my father. It is certainly a difficult language for outsiders. We say 'I put out my hand,' for example, that is only an indication of suavity; but if we say, 'I put out my shoulder,' it signifies a surgical operation. She is always afraid of making some absurd mistake."

"We will correct your errors in English if you will do the same kind office for us in French," said Clara. "It was only yesterday that we had a family disagreement as to the exact difference between a *filet* and a *steak*."

"A filly," observed the young gentleman, with the air of an Encyclopædist, "is the animal that runs, the stake is what she runs for."

Lucy clapped her hands, as people do in the theatre. The young fellow coloured to the ear-tips with conscious pleasure.

"But that is really excellent," observed Clara admiringly.

The young gentleman bowed his acknowledgments; he was grateful to her, of course, but not in the same degree. Her praise was welcome, as that of editor to author, but Lucy's involuntary applause had been like the sale of a whole edition.

"This is the moment to wish us goodbye, Mr. Trevor, according to the French receipt for leavetakings," continued Clara; "you will never say anything better than that."

"Let me try," pleaded the young fellow; "give me another chance. Why should this limit be put to my intellectual powers?" He turned, as usual, to Lucy for sympathy with the oppressed.

"It will please papa immensely," she murmured.

"My going?" he inquired, in alarm.

"No; the epigram."

"Then I will devote myself to making epigrams."

"I don't think you will find the atmosphere of Mirbridge very favourable to their manufacture," observed Clara, gravely. "Papa has a small retail establishment of that nature, but the rest of us are very dull."

"I don't think we are duller here than elsewhere," said Lucy, indignantly. She loved Mirbridge and its people, and resented their being "run down" even by the Duchess.

"I can't imagine your being dull anywhere," observed the young man, with an air of simplicity.

"You know that I did not mean that, Mr. Trevor," said Lucy, reprovingly, "I was speaking generally."

"Mr. Trevor does not certainly experience your difficulty in finding compliments, Lucy," remarked Clara, drily; "I wonder whether they are like the French bonbons he spoke of."

"No; they are like the British lollipop, or suckabob," asserted the young man, boldly, "without tinsel or glitter, but honest, and genuine, and—"

"And cheap," put in Lucy slyly.

"I wish I had gone when I was told to go," murmured the young fellow plaintively.

They had now reached the gate of the Rectory garden, where the footpath ran on into the high road: it was obviously the place for parting.

"I really am afraid your people will be annoyed at your absence, Mr. Trevor," observed Clara earnestly. "That welcome, remember"—(for, as she spoke, the bells from the church tower rang out a merry peal)—"is intended for you as well as for them."

"I feel as if I had received my welcome already," replied the young fellow gratefully; "but I suppose I must be off. It is something, however, to depart under a good augury; and it is not, thank Heaven, good-bye, but only *au revoir*."

He was gone in a moment: the two girls watched him as he flew down the hill.

"He is a strange mixture of French and English," observed Clara.

"That is what renders him a little unintelligible, I suppose," mused Lucy.

It was upon Clara's lips to say, "He seemed to make himself quite understood, as far as you were concerned, at least;" but she restrained herself.

It was ridiculous to feel jealous of Lucy, even for a moment. Like a general held in check by a small force, but conscious of great reserves, she had no doubt of how the battle would go eventually.

"Now, what did he mean, for example," continued Lucy, "by saying that he was departing under a good augury?"

"He meant that," said Clara, holding up her finger, as the music of the wedding peal rang out among the hills; "but to have said so would have been a little too forward, even for Hugh Trevor."

"Do you call him 'forward'?"

"Not if you object to it; but he was certainly free in his manners."

"Is not that a little severe? The word seems to suggest impertinence of some kind, and he was surely not impertinent."

"Let us say he was frank, then."

"And, also, good fun," observed Lucy, smiling like one who is tickled by a reminiscence.

"I never thought of him as an object of amusement," returned Clara reprovingly. "You do not seem to consider, my dear, how our lives may be affected by the arrival of these Trevors, and what sort of people they may turn out to be. Fortunately, this young gentleman has, in his impulsive way, given us a hint of what we may expect as regards one, at least, of his parents. I gather that her ladyship rules the roast, and that she does not spoil her eldest born."

"What was still more evident, and I confess I did not like it," observed Lucy—"was that there seemed to be no love lost between Mr. Hugh and his brother. I fear that must often happen when the one is the heir of all things and the other of only a very little."

"Nevertheless, when a title has to be kept up, or an old family maintained in its old style, such an arrangement is necessary, and recommends itself to common sense," said the Duchess, didactically.

"But that does not make it recommend itself to the younger son," rejoined Lucy laughing. "At all events, I shall judge for myself about Mr. Charles, and am very curious to see him."

"He does not interest me in the least," answered Clara coldly, "though I do not say that his presence will not be a convenience. He will make our game of lawn tennis, for example; three is always an awkward number."

"That is true," said Lucy; "and poor Dr. Wood is never to be depended upon."

"I am glad to hear you say so," returned Clara austere. "Here is Mamma come to meet us."

CHAPTER VI.

THE TREVORS: PAST AND PRESENT

TREVOR COURT was a happy architectural example of the fusion of new bricks and mortar with old ones. Originally a very ancient structure, it had been added to from time to time, and fifty years ago it had been "restored." It had at one time been surrounded by a moat, but this had been long drained off to give place to lawn and garden. The drawbridge existed no longer, but in its place was a moss grown causeway, built on arches fully as picturesque. The mansion possessed few historical associations, but its ancestral legends were unwontedly striking and numerous. It was none of your "one-ghost houses" as Mr. Lewis Carroll contemptuously terms them; but had several spiritual tenants, who had plenty of space to "walk" in without interfering with one another. The Trevors had not been "a happy family" in the way of domestic concord, and when there was peace at the Court it was commonly because the head of the house had made a desert there, by a clean sweep of his blood relations! There had been always some one—generally the heir—left out in the cold, to live on post-obits. When Jacobite and Hanoverian squabbles ceased to divide them, they flew to religion and quarrelled over that. The usual course of events was for the reigning baronet—for indeed he was sort of king in those parts—after a tempestuous youth and a dissipated middle age to abjure his vices (because "they had left him") and become a fanatic; and upon his son and heir declining to share his views (not being ripe for them just yet), to turn him out of doors.

None of the Trevors had been remarkable for intelligence, but they had never been commonplace; if one was a notorious spendthrift, another restored the average by becoming a recluse and a miser; but moderation and the beaten track were unknown to them. Towards the end of the last century Sir Rowland Trevor had done his best to bring his race to ruin. He had of course quarrelled with his heir—the late Sir Marmaduke—and experienced not only the pleasure of spending, but the satisfaction of knowing that in so doing he was impoverishing a disobedient son, who would have liked to be as extravagant as himself. The manner of his life was still the favourite legend of the neighbourhood. When Sir Rowland travelled it was in a coach and six with two postillions and a coachman, like the Lord Mayor in a Jubilee year. A phaeton and four followed with his suite, and then a "chaise marine" (or fourgon), also with four horses, with his service of plate. A posse of outriders well armed with blunderbusses accompanied the cavalcade. When his hunters were led to exercise, their horse-cloths were of scarlet trimmed with silver, and to every bridle was attached a fox's brush. The hospitality of the Court was on a scale in proportion to this out-of-doors ostentation, and the guests, who were mostly from town, cost the host far more than their keep, for he was habitually unlucky with cards and dice.

When Sir Rowland died—which happened very suddenly at the hazard table—the Court was shut up for no less than twenty years, not merely left untenanted, as it had lately been, but left to go to rack and ruin. There were those still living in Mirbridge

who remembered it so, and especially the spectacle it presented when Sir Marmaduke gave orders for it to be opened and refitted. How the courtyard was a mere field of thistles, and cobwebs hung like stalactites from the roof of the great hall; how rooks and jackdaws occupied the chimneys, and flew about, blacker than common, in the drawing-room; and how the pigeons had built their nests above the books in the library. Almost everything the house had contained was utterly destroyed by damp and moth, except the port and madeira in the cellars. There were said to be three hundred dozens of black champagne there—not such as Goldsmith sings of—but champagne turned black and undrinkable.

Where the money came from to refurnish the great house, was never known; but there was a strange story that Sir Marmaduke had won it at Newmarket under exceptional circumstances. He was said to have risked his whole remaining fortune upon a single horse, and to have made a vow that if he "pulled it off" (as it would now be called) he would thenceforth amend his ways. At all events when he came to Mirbridge, it was in a quite new and unexpected character; that of a convert to the strictest sect of the Pharisees. It was he who endowed the Calvinist chapel of which we have heard Mr. Thorne complain as bitterly as his gentle nature permitted, and to which his predecessor Mr. (now Canon) Spenser had opposed himself with unavailing vehemence. The only satisfaction the latter derived from the matter was the knowledge that the Rev. John Smug, the minister of the tabernacle in question, did not find his patron much to his liking. There was, he used to complain, something still of "the old man" about him, and very little of "the new man." The Baronet in short would sometimes forget he was converted, and apply the most striking anathemas of his new creed to secular purposes; in other words, he would swear like a trooper even at the pastor himself. These bursts of passion, however, were always followed by fits of penitence, and such material reparation as compared very favourably with the ordinary offerings of the elect. The gifts of Mr. Smug's one backslider was worth all those of this little army of saints.

What astonished those who saw Sir Marmaduke under his less favourable aspects, fully as much as how he had won his money, was how he had won his wife. The late Lady Trevor had been much younger than her husband, but the difference between their years was the least of the contrasts they presented. No gentler woman ever "bore earth about her," nor did convent walls contain one purer or more pious. She passed her life in acts of duty and benevolence, and was beloved by all. Sir Marmaduke's "tantrums" subsided at the sound of her sweet voice, as those of Saul were tranquillised by David's harp-strings; and Mr. Smug himself, when under its influence, would forget that she was "a brand," and attended the parish church and not his chapel. In one thing only—which, however, was not discovered till after the event had proved it—she was injudicious. Among her other benevolences was that of rescuing Letty Beeton from the bad influences of her home. The girl had shown such signs of intelligence and right feeling that Mr. Spenser had made her, first pupil teacher, and then the mistress of his village school, where in the daytime she lived in an atmosphere wholesome enough; but her father was given to drink, and her brother, even in those early days, to net the bird and snare the hare, and it was felt that such surroundings were not appropriate for an instructress of youth; so Lady Trevor had transferred Letty to the Court, where out of school-hours she acted as her private secretary. Then her son Richard had come home from College, and that escapade which had so scandalised the county had taken place. But with Sir Marmaduke and his wife, though they looked at it from different standpoints, it was something more than an escapade. It was a disgrace to the family, and also a judgment on it for sins that had hitherto escaped retribution. In the erring Richard Sir Marmaduke beheld a counterpart of himself, as he had been in his unregenerate days—in the erring Letty, Lady Trevor pictured a girl pure and passionless, whom her own folly had thrown into the way of temptation, and for the wreck of whose soul she was answerable to her Maker. The young schoolmistress, who had taught so well and learnt so ill, was spirited away elsewhere as quietly as might be; but there were such terrible scenes at the Court between Sir Marmaduke and his son and heir, that it was thought the remembrance of them had been the chief cause of his prolonged absence from Mirbridge.

Then came the news of the death of Letty and her child, which the country cynics (who, however, had no information on the subject more trustworthy than was derived from putting themselves in place of Sir Marmaduke and his wife, and imagining how it would have struck them), described as having been borne by that worthy with a Christian serenity, equal in its way to the philosophy displayed by Roger Beeton, who in losing a daughter had found a fortune. It was more probable that chagrin and regret were exhausted, since, when to the amazement of all Mirbridge, Richard shortly afterwards took to himself a bride in France, the old couple—though such an union must have been hateful to both—were understood to have made no protest.

Sir Marmaduke and his son, however, never met again, and though on the former's death the Dowager Lady Trevor had resided, till her own demise, with her son and daughter-in-law, it was rumoured that there had been little cordiality between them. The truth of these matters depended, however, upon mere hearsay. For five-and-twenty years no inhabitant of Mirbridge had seen Sir Richard's face, and of those who could have been called familiar with him, scarcely any survived or remained. Old Mr. Shrapnel, for example, the parish doctor, was dead, and had been succeeded by Mr. Wood, of whom we have heard something; and Mr. Spenser, the Rector, had been transferred to a wider sphere of usefulness—a larger living with a canonry. Sir Richard's so-called neighbours—that is those of his own rank in life—lived at a considerable distance, and had naturally been better acquainted with his parents than with himself. Mr. Morris, the steward, indeed—though stricken in years—was still to the fore, but though he had been in pretty constant correspondence with Sir Richard since his father's death, he had known little or nothing of him personally as a young man. All the members of the household at the Court had been dismissed and pensioned off, except Cadman, the butler, who had accepted the post of caretaker when the late Lady Trevor left the house, and the head-gardener. Cadman had now reassumed his old position, with an entirely new staff (including a new housekeeper, Mrs. Grange) selected by Mr. Morris. All these good folks were interested enough to see what their new master and mistress would be like, but their excitement paled before that of the elder villagers, who longed to see what change years had wrought in "Master Richard," and especially to compare the consort he had brought back with him with their recollections of that fair member of their own community who had so unhappily for herself and him tempted his youthful fancy.

For the present only a transient opportunity was afforded them for observation; since the deputation at whose heels they had hoped to gain admission to the Court had been forbidden, or at best proogued. The Rector had taken upon himself the thankless office of intermediary, and had explained to the tenantry how the state of Lady Trevor's health precluded their public reception. Nevertheless, when—as he thought it but an act of courtesy to do—he met the Baronet and his wife at the lodge gates, and bade them welcome, it struck him that Sir Richard, and not her ladyship, was the invalid. They were both polite and cordial, but it was Lady Trevor who pressed him to enter the carriage, and accompany them to the Court. "You are more at home here than we are," she said in her pretty English, which had just so much of foreign accent about

it as gave it piquancy, and also a certain piteousness, "and your presence will be our best introduction."

"Yes, yes, a guarantee of one's personal identity," laughed Sir Richard, and then began to cough and colour, like one with the asthma, who has made an exertion beyond his strength.

Hardly knowing whether he ought to accept so flattering an invitation, or to decline it, the Rector took his seat opposite the new comers.

"I understood from your letter this morning," he said, "that your son was to accompany you, Sir Richard?"

"So he does; but he left the carriage at Bridge Hill, and has, no doubt, come on in advance."

Mr. Thorne had his own opinion upon that subject; if such an occurrence had happened, he would in fact have heard it from twenty lips; but though the young man's arrival had been delayed, there was no reason to suppose he had come to harm, nor, it was plain, did any such idea distress his parents. Sir Richard sat tapping the carriage door with his fingers in a manner that betrayed nervous impatience, though the postboys, true to their custom of "keeping a gallop for the avenue," were putting in their spurs, while Lady Trevor's eyes roved with animated curiosity towards the mansion, which was just coming into view.

"The approach," observed the Rector, "is very picturesque; is it not? These oak trees are of quite a fabulous age; it is only a few country seats, in these hard times, that can boast of such trunks. They are like family jewels, which return no interest to their possessors."

"Except the mistletoe," observed Lady Trevor smiling.

"To be sure, there is no such supply of mistletoe in all the country as grows in the avenue. It seems strange that you should have reminded me of that; it is such a thoroughly English product. But doubtless Sir Richard has described to you how all the lads and lasses at Christmas come to beg for the full-berried branches to decorate their homes."

"Yes; I know almost as much about the old place and its surroundings as though I had been there. Sir Richard is never tired of talking of Mirbridge."

"Mirbridge is glad, indeed, to welcome him back again," said the Rector earnestly. He felt drawn towards her ladyship by the intelligent interest she showed in her husband's home. "The deputation of the tenantry has been dispensed with at his own request, or you would have been convinced of his popularity by this time."

"I hope they were not greatly disappointed," observed Lady Trevor. "I am afraid it was consideration for the state of my health that caused Sir Richard to forego the demonstration. There is, however, I understand, some sort of festivity in the Four Acre."

"Yes; a marquee has been erected there. How pleasant it sounds to hear you speak of our old field by its own name! As Sir Richard has doubtless told you, the Four Acre is always the scene of our jubilees. There the ox is roasted whole when a Trevor comes of age; there the bonfire is lit on Guy Fawkes nights; there the cricket matches are played; and there to-day is held high festival in honour of your ladyship's arrival. It will be a pretty sight, and I venture to hope you will feel well enough to favour us—even if it be for only a few minutes—with your presence."

"Now that I feel that I shall not be entirely among strangers, Mr. Thorne," said Lady Trevor graciously, "I shall certainly make the effort. I shall trust to you, mind, should my husband's memory fail, to make the necessary introductions."

At this compliment the Rector, genuinely pleased, hastened to express his willingness to accept office.

"Now, to begin your duties of Master of the Ceremonies, Mr. Thorne. Who is that old gentleman at the top of the steps yonder, with the servants in a cluster behind him? He looks dreadfully inclined to make a speech."

"You have hit his desire to a nicety; but, nevertheless, he will not do so, as I have given him a hint that it would be unacceptable. That is Mr. Morris, your steward and land agent, whose presence warns me that I must take my leave of you till the afternoon."

"But why should you leave us?" urged lady Trevor plaintively.

"It would be an infringement upon Mr. Morris's rights and privilege, as the Comptroller of the Household, did I remain," said the Rector smiling; and as the carriage drew up at the hall steps, and a footman came forward to open one of the carriage doors, Mr. Thorne let himself out at the other, and walked away unobserved amid the ceremonials of welcome.

If Lady Trevor had had for her object the making a friend of the Rector of Mirbridge at first sight, she had succeeded. Men are never so old but that a pretty woman, who, if not young, is still far from being so old as themselves, can make a favourable impression on them; and in the present case there was the additional charm of unexpectedness. Mr. Thorne was not of a nature to take a prejudice against any one whom he had not seen; but, somehow, he had not looked forward to meeting Sir Richard's French wife with pleasure. But she had charmed him in spite of himself, her manner had been so frank and genial. She had invited and accepted his good offices so graciously, and shown such confidence in him, that he could not be otherwise than pleased with her.

There was something in Sir Richard—who perhaps had taken less notice of him than was quite courteous—which he did not understand; he had not only been preoccupied, but ill at ease; and it seemed to him that the lady had done her best to supply to him what was wanting in her lord. His interest which at first had centred almost entirely in the husband, had veered round to the wife. That she was a Frenchwoman was of course a misfortune, but it was certainly not her fault. As compared with Mrs. Westrop and Lady Jodrell, the only ladies of equal position to her in the county that he knew, she was decidedly their superior both in looks and manner; while as for airs she had none. "I think dear Amy will like her," was the Rector's reflection: it was noteworthy he did not say "I am sure," which would have been the culmination of eulogy.

He had nearly reached the lodge gates, when suddenly a fine clear voice from the road without was heard singing a song he knew; it was a song his Lucy sung, and therefore dear to him, but otherwise it would not have been such a favourite; there were sentiments in it that he disapproved, or felt that he ought to disapprove; and it was certainly not a song that ought to be sung on the high road close to the mansion of the Lord of the Manor.

Then here's good luck to Poaching.
Which I do think is fair,
Good luck to every gentleman
Who wants to buy a hare,
Bad luck to —

"Hullo! I beg your pardon."

The singer, a young man of two or three-and-twenty, had turned out of the road and into the grounds with so much "way" on, notwithstanding the call upon his breath necessitated by his vocal efforts, that he almost fell into the Rector's arms.

"Mr. Trevor, I presume," said Mr. Thorne smiling.

"Yes, sir. Dear me, what a dreadful thing it would have been to come into collision with one's Rector on the first day of one's arrival;" observed the young fellow. He spoke gaily enough, but there was a certain gravity in his tone, too, which the occasion hardly seemed to warrant; it lent to the speech, however, a certain tone of apology in which it would otherwise have been lacking.

"Don't mention it; indeed, like the philosopher who did not mind being knocked down, but only objected to antagonistic ideas,

it was not your own act, but the "principles of your ditty which shocked me. I hope you have not been singing the praises of poaching as you came through the village."

"No, sir; to tell the honest truth" (here the young man's eyes grew full of amusement), "I picked up the tune on the high road half-an-hour ago, from one, as I suppose, of your own parishioners."

"Indeed, then I fear you have got into bad company already; it must have been that audacious reprobate, Jack Beeton."

"Perhaps," said the young fellow, "there was no regular introduction between us. I suppose by the bye, you have seen my father and mother."

"I have just parted from them at the Court yonder, which reminds me that I am depriving them of your company, Mr. Hugh; we shall meet again in the afternoon, no doubt, when there will be great doings in your honour."

"I think not—that is to say, as to *my* honour," replied the young man still smiling, though by no means with such keen enjoyment. "I am not Mr. Hugh Trevor—but only Mr. Charles, a very inferior branch of the family tree; though such as he is, entirely at your service, sir," and with a sweep of his raised hat, he pursued his way.

(To be continued)



In two volumes (VII. and VIII.) Mr. Kinglake sums up the work of over thirty years by bringing his "Invasion of the Crimea" (Blackwood) down to the date of Lord Raglan's death. He thus fulfils his object in volunteering to write the history, by relieving that general of a suspicion of incompetence due to failures for which his historian proves that he was in no way responsible. These failures, Mr. Kinglake is able to show, are in nearly every case to be laid at the door of the French. Not only was there the difficulty inseparable from a joint command, when one army numbers over 100,000, the other less than 30,000 men; but the Emperor insisted on managing the war from Paris, and in holding back his army with the intention of himself coming, like a *deus ex machina*, bringing up the reserves from Constantinople, and taking Sebastopol by a *coup de main*. In Canrobert he found a pliant instrument. This commander actually stooped to the humiliation of apologising to his master for the few successes which the troops, desperate, and growing demoralised at being thus held back, won in spite of him. This interference from Paris accounts for the allies having actually lost ground after Inkerman, instead of having made that brilliant victory the basis of speedy triumph. With Pélissier it was different. This stubborn Norman took the bit between his teeth, and wholly refused to submit to the dictation of Marshals Vaillant and Niel; and public feeling in France, the "on" of Vaillant's despatch (see one of Mr. Kinglake's brilliant passages, Vol. VIII., p. 244), began to support him in his contumacy. All this could not have been proved till quite lately; for even M. Thiers was unwilling that a correspondence should be published which he judged derogatory to the dignity of France. Of course the Emperor carefully hid what Mr. Kinglake calls "his worst nonsense from the eye of the world"; and the seriousness of the rupture was only suspected till the facts were given in Roussel's "Histoire." To Louis Napoleon's ill-advised antagonism Mr. Kinglake attributes Pélissier's "huge mistakes" and the discomfiture of June 18. The poor man was so tormented that for some days he lost full command of his powers. Perhaps Pélissier's greatest praise is that while "an irrepressible subordinate" he, by attacking and carrying, contrary to orders, the Soudal, counter-guard, restored the *morale* of the army which Canrobert's subserviency had turned into an "army in waiting." We need not say a word about Mr. Kinglake's style. These volumes are well worthy of the author of "Eöthen."

Professor Mahaffy is always a lively writer, and, almost invariably, he is a pleasant one. In "The Principles of the Art of Conversation" (Macmillan) he has nothing but praise for his country people. He talks of "the heavy atmosphere of Anglo-Saxon manners," and in his preface he lays down as one of the requirements in the writer of such a book "that he shall live in a country where the practice of conversation is confessedly on a high level, and where the average man is able to talk well." Among more than average women-talkers he "has been fortunate enough to obtain the assistance of the Marchioness of Londonderry and Lady Audrey Buller;" and, if the laws of conversation necessarily seem (in his own words) "when set forth in order trivial and dull, this is a surprise to which we are accustomed in the case of logic." That the Irish peasant is a better conversationalist than the English, Mr. Mahaffy attributes to his having been so long bi-lingual, and "therefore educated in intelligence by the problem of translating;" but is he justified in extending this to France? The bi-lingual Breton, for instance, is exceptionally taciturn. Politics, too, which he recommends to women as a means for making a small company agreeable, had surely best be just now left alone, unless all are of one mind. With his praise of gossip, on the other hand, no one can find fault; while it is just as true that "our conversation errs more frequently through frivolity than through gravity." Equally sound is the remark that prepared humour is far above prepared wit—witness the *Punch* cartoons compared with its letter-press. The only point on which a fellow-Irishman could join issue with Mr. Mahaffy is his outcry against "local accent," of which some Irish people are (despite the general servility to English customs) just as proud as the Scotch are of their brogue. The "Analysis" reminds us of those prefixed to University editions of the *Ethics*, and this gives a piquant spice of formality to a book which will equally delight whether it is read as a University man is supposed to read his "books," or is only taken up at odd moments.

Mr. F. Hodgetts, late Professor at Moscow, is an adept at what "the great Anglian population of the United States" (his phrase) calls "a boom." He insists, for instance, on "the right of man to perfect freedom, both in religious and civil matters," as secured by "that peculiar bent of mind which I call Anglian thought." "Greater England" (Hatchards), is intended to be a history of "the battle of the races," i.e., the Romance and the Teutonic in all quarters of the world. Unluckily there is one purely Teutonic nation with which our chronic struggle is still going on (in South Africa); for Mr. Hodgetts has to confess that "the Dutch and English were never friends." The book is amusing, because of its bellicose spirit, and of its ingenious agglomeration of blunders. Thus when Mr. Hodgetts finds a strong argument against Darwin in the fact that some Ceylon Portuguese (he might have added some on the Malabar coast) have become quite black, we can't help thinking most Darwinians would see in this a confirmation of their theory. He is deservedly hard upon Clive "for fighting the Indians with their own ignoble weapons;" but, though he holds that the Hindoos are Aryans (no "miscegenation" for him) "we must not take the daughters of the soil any more than the Jews of old. Let us, as our sires did, full fourteen hundred years ago, take our brave golden-hearted wives over the ocean with us." With this rant, compare Mr. Lucas's quotation from Meadows Taylor's *Life* ("Historical Geography of the British Colonies") :—"The success of the E. I. C. was largely due to inter-marriage of officials with native ladies."

Herefordshire is the fungus-eater's hunting ground, and Mr. W. Phillips, hailing from the adjacent county of Salop, may have joined in many of the fungus-feasts which, some years ago, were so much talked of. But he has other qualifications for writing "A Manual of British Discomycetes" (Kegan Paul), the sixty-first volume of the "International Scientific Series." He has gone to Professor Karsten and M. Boudier, discarding to a great extent the long-accepted system of Fries; has recognised the untrustworthiness of most local "floras;" and has unreservedly altered diagnosis whenever he thought it necessary. The result is a highly technical but very exhaustive book, in which many of the old names are conspicuous by their absence. The plates are more useful to the cryptogamist than to the would-be fungus-eater.

Dr. Cunningham Geikie's "Life and Words of Christ" (Cassell), of which there is also an illustrated edition in two volumes, and a student's edition, is in some sort a protest against M. Renan. It is full of learning, the chapter on "Palestine at the Time of Christ" being a picture filled in, in every detail, with the most conscientious care. The exhaustive nature of the work may be judged from the fact that not till page 281 do we come to the Temptation. We are glad Dr. Geikie does not eschew tradition (e.g., that respecting the personal appearance of the Blessed Virgin). His style is, happily, less magniloquent than that of Archdeacon Farrar; but he sometimes yields to the temptation to sweeping assertion which so constantly besets theologians. The position of woman was certainly not so low in the heathen world as he describes it; Jocasta, Agesistrata, Agrippina are enough to prove that from heroic times down to the Roman Empire woman was a power, not merely a "slave or plaything." Nor is it true that "the thousands of rich Romans never conceived the notion of founding an asylum or a hospital." Dr. Geikie forgets Pliny's letters, and Juvenal's complaint that men set their houses on fire in order to make a profit by the lavish subscriptions of the charitable.

"International Law" (Kegan Paul), "International Scientific Series, Vol. LXII." becomes one of the most fascinating of subjects in Professor Leone Levi's hands. He has gone both to the codifiers, Dudley Field and Bluntschli, and also to "Marten's Collection of Treaties," and begins with the history of the subject—the old vexed questions referring chiefly to war, though the "Laws of Wisby" aimed at some sort of general rules, at any rate, for "that great common of mankind, the sea," as Hallam called it. Professor Levi is wrong in saying that the cavalier treatment of foreign ambassadors by the Chinese Emperor had no small influence in bringing about the first China war. This treatment was merely a pretext; had opium been freely admitted we should have pocketed the indignities as we did for centuries in Tunis and elsewhere. International Marriage Law is puzzling. Professor Levi says (page 255) "a marriage valid according to the law of the land where it was contracted is valid everywhere;" how about the deceased wife's sister?

Captain M. A. Hayes's "Soundness and Age of Horses" (Thacker, London, Calcutta, and Bombay), and Mr. Fox Russell's "Horse-keeping for Amateurs," price 1s. (Upcott Gill), are both excellent in their way. The latter is what it professes to be, "The Amateur's Practical Manual," not infringing on the functions of the Vet., to whom Mr. Russell advises recourse in serious cases. His chapter on "Breeding" has a special value just now. The case he cites of "a twenty-year-old mare, worked daily for fourteen years, and having during that time given six foals, averaging 30*l.* a head at three years old," is enough to make many a despairing agriculturist turn horse breeder. The chapter on saddlery and harness is full of useful suggestions; Mr. Russell has sufficient strength of mind not to anathematise the martingale. When we say that Captain Hayes takes his chapter on dentition and the illustrative plates from the classical work of MM. Goubaux and Barrier, we say enough to prove its value. Intending breeders should carefully read his chapter on hereditary unsoundness.

The indefatigable Mr. Smiles has collected in "Life and Labour; or, Characteristics of Men of Industry, Culture, and Genius" (Murray), a vast number of anecdotes. After giving instances, new and old, of great young and great old men, he discusses (like Captain Galton) "The Lineage of Talent and Genius," finding "a striking likeness between the portrait of the young Pretender and that of Queen Victoria." His class-list of genius is not free from error. Dryden surely belongs to the "nobles and squires," while Carlyle was as much a member of the working class as Burns or Dolland. The chapter on over-brain work deserves to be carefully studied in this age of mental pressure.

THE GAME COCK

THE origin of the game fowl is buried in obscurity. But it is very generally accepted by naturalists that all our domestic varieties of poultry are descended from one stock, the *Gallus Bankiva* of India. Even the mild-mannered Brahma fowl will fight under the pressure of circumstances, and with birds like the Malay, or the ordinary game fowl of India, which appear ever on the look-out for some one to fight with, this disposition has been encouraged and bred during many ages. There are many traces of game fowls in ancient history. The Persians are believed to have encouraged cock-fighting as a religious ordinance, and it was one of the earliest sports of the Chinese. In the "Eumenides" of Aeschylus, Athena warned the citizens of Athens against civil war as resembling the combat of game cocks, and Pindar speaks of the same species of strife as resembling the victories of a barn-door fowl. There is an old story told of how the warrior Themistocles raised the spirit of his soldiers by showing them that fighting-cocks risk their lives in battle for honour alone, not in defence of their homes. The Athenian armies were inspired by his words, and from that time forth the fighting-cock was a greater favourite than ever with Greece and the surrounding nations.

There is a story something similar to this of more recent occurrence, which has been attributed to three distinct periods of time. That which seems the most trustworthy is as follows: When the brave Admiral Sir George Brydges Vernon defeated the French Fleet, under Admiral Count de Grasse, on April 12th, 1782, his ship was in the thickest part of the fight. The raking fire of the enemy had shot the mast away, and the vessel was nearly disabled. A shot swept over her deck, smashing a fowl-coop in which was a favourite game cock of the Admiral's. It, thus liberated, immediately flew on to the stump of the mast, clapped its wings, and crowed lustily. The men were encouraged, they immediately closed with the enemy's flag-ship, and victory was secured.

It has also been stated that, on the memorable 1st of June, 1794, when Lord Howe defeated the French, a similar occurrence took place on Captain Berkeley's ship, the *Marlborough*. And a third case of the kind is narrated as having taken place during the war between England and the United States in 1812, when the American Fleet, under M'Donough, defeated the British Fleet on Lake Champlain. It is improbable that all these instances are true, and the force of testimony is strongly in favour of the case first mentioned.

There are no records to show that the sport of cock-fighting ever became part of the religious observances amongst any European nations, though on account of his vigilance the cock was sacred to Apollo, Mercury, and Esculapius, and for his high courage to Mars Ares and to Pallas Athena. Plutarch tells how that in Sparta at the close of a war there were two kinds of sacrifice. The warrior who had attained his end by craft and persuasion offered up a

bullock. He who had won his victory by fighting sacrificed a cock. We learn that cock-fighting was popular in Egypt before the Christian era, but it was not popular with the Romans, who regarded fowls for their edible qualities rather than their sporting tendencies. When cock-fighting was introduced into England cannot be determined, but it would seem that the sport was well known by the advent of the Roman legions. For seven centuries, with but few exceptions, it has been popular in Britain, and in this respect our nation has been almost alone, for in other European countries it has never been really popular. The intervals were during the reigns of Edward III, Henry VIII, and the Protectorate. Bluff King Hal did not, however, shine as an example of impartial justice, for whilst he prohibited the sport for others, he built a cock-pit at Westminster for his own gratification. The Stuarts were ardent followers of the sport. But it was during the latter part of the eighteenth and the earlier years of the present century that it attained its highest position. Then it was ranked as first amongst English pastimes. Reports of mains were given in the journals of the day with a similar degree of fulness to those of horse-races and football-matches now. Nobles and commoners alike were ardent devotees, and the breeding of game-fowls was as carefully studied as is that of horses and cattle at the present time. Cock-pits were established in all places of popular resort. In addition to that at Westminster, Drury Lane Theatre was at one time used for this purpose. But the Royal cock-pit at Newmarket was, perhaps, the most famous. There, during the racing season, were gathered the élite of the nation. This pit has been immortalised by Hogarth in his picture of the cock-fight. Another great cock-pit was at Newcastle-on-Tyne—the celebrated Gallowgate Pit. At Preston, in Lancashire, the old cock-pit erected by Lord Derby, grandfather of the present Earl—an enthusiastic patron of the sport—recently fell down. Chester pit was a famous resort of aristocratic parties, and at Canterbury there was a Corporation pit, formed out of a portion of the beautiful gateway in St. Augustine's Monastery. A venerable Dean of York, during the present century, was a keen cock-fighter, and Dr. Robert Wild, the poet and divine, celebrated its attractions in verse. It has engrained itself upon the English language and habits, for though cocking has passed away as a recognised sport, many customs from it yet remain. Many names in our language owe to it their origin. The making of spurs with which the birds were armed was a trade in which skill and science were blended, and the name of a well-known London thoroughfare, Cockspur Street, is derived from this business. The composition of the silver alloy from which the best spurs were made was known to very few firms, and the tempering of steel spurs required the greatest skill. For a well-tested pair of spurs by one of the best makers high prices were often paid.

Gradually a change came over public opinion with regard to this sport. The very energy thrown into the pursuit in the later years had much to do with its ultimate prohibition. When a few birds were fought little attention was paid to it, but when great mains became common, and two or three hundred birds were literally hacked to death, the floor of the pit bestrewed with blood, flesh, and feathers, then there came about a revulsion of feeling which finally led to its being made illegal. Few there are who now question the rightfulness of that step.

Whilst condemnation is accorded to the sport of cock-fighting, there can be no question but that it has been the unconscious means of producing one of the finest races of our domestic poultry. The points sought for by the breeder of fighting-cocks were all in the direction of improving the table qualities of these birds. What he wanted was an active medium-sized bird, muscular in body, stout, but not heavy in the leg, and with a powerful head and neck. In fighting the breast muscles were called chiefly into play, and to this we owe the splendid breasts of our game fowls. No longer is this cruel pastime a recognised English sport, but we have still the valuable result of centuries of the most skilful breeding.

E. B.

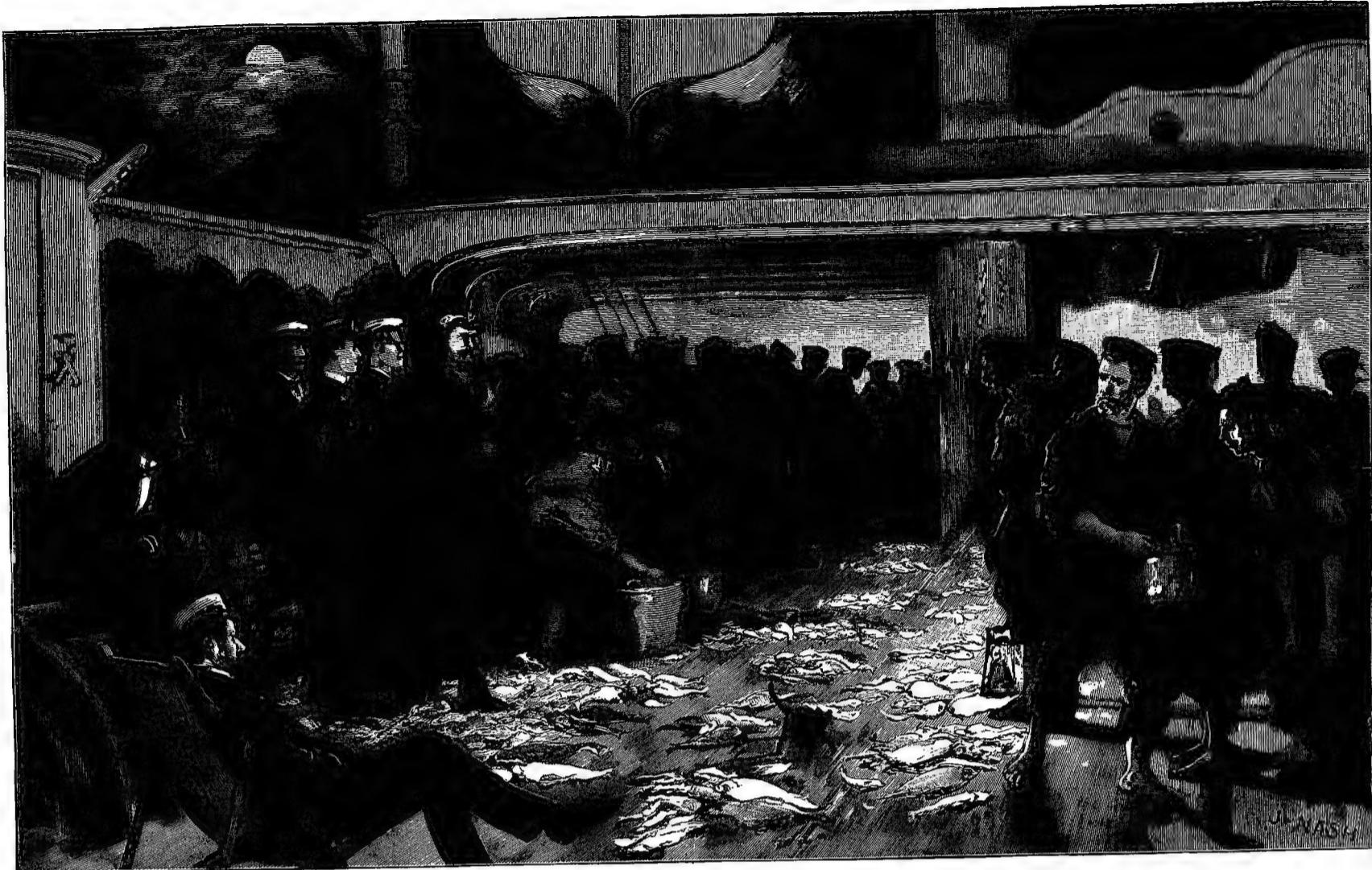


"A FALSE POSITION," by G. M. Robins (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is likely to please a considerable number of readers. There is nothing particularly original, or in the least exciting, about the story, and none of the threatened crises amount to very much. But it is told in an exceptionally bright and lively manner, and the tone is attractively wholesome. The subject is the false position into which a young wife of the most scrupulously truthful character may be brought by the slightest and most venial departure from truth, even though the truth could not be told without breach of faith, and though the whole matter was not in itself of the least importance. It must, moreover, be owned that the relations of Lady May and her husband were so peculiar that her little fib—it scarcely amounted to so much as a white lie—was the more excusable. And, in the end, her punishment, never amounting to more than a misunderstanding bound to be cleared up, is very justly remitted altogether. All this is very wholesome doctrine, so pleasantly told as to cover a certain triviality. The storm raised is certainly in nothing more formidable than a tea-cup, but the mariners on that mimic ocean are sympathetic, and bear themselves well.

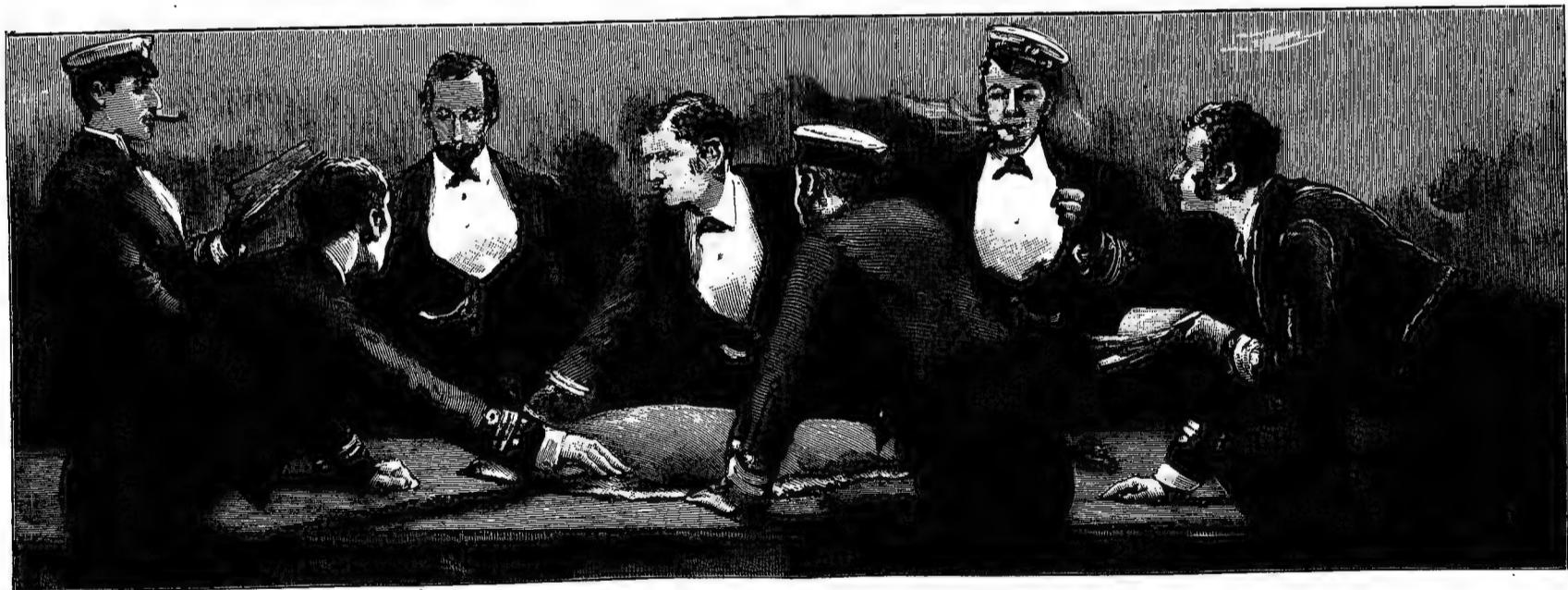
If the story is slight in the last-mentioned novel, Lady Augusta Noel's "Hithersea Mere" (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.) cannot be said to have any story—at least, any worth mentioning. But it contains some excellently portrayed characters. It is also fully as wholesome in tone as the other, with more of a religious flavouring, and no doubt its most suitable circle of readers will be the more seriously disposed. But many of its features will afford general interest and amusement. For example, Lady Augusta Noel's Norfolk peasants are real peasants, and not in the least of the stagey or literary kind—a very rare thing to be able to say of the peasantry of fiction, who, at their best, are mostly humourists or philosophers in smock-frocks, through which it is not difficult to see the author himself. The East Anglian peasant is neither conscious humourist nor conscious philosopher, but he has his "points," and these have been caught with remarkable sympathy and skill. Nor ought we to omit allusion to the very pathetic episode of the unselfish, self-sacrificing devotion to a blind soldier of Hilary, a hoyden who becomes tamed by a lesson of love that deserved a better fate than tragedy. This is told with very special charm.

We place "Una's Revenge," by Melville Gray (1 vol.: Allen and Co.) next on the list as capping the two already mentioned in slightness of texture, and, let us hasten to add, equalising them in soundness of morality. It is described as "A Picture of Real Life in the Nineteenth Century"—a piquant promise which turns out to be the story of a school-girl who was wrongfully suspected of stealing, for some undiscernable reason, a valuable manuscript belonging to the lady principal of the "College" where she was being educated. Her "revenge" consists in shielding the real criminal and visiting her when dying. She had also herself lost an exercise among her other troubles; and no doubt such incidents may have their value as contributions to the study of real life in our day.

The scene of "Tracked," by M. A. Curtois (2 vols.: Remington and Co.), is laid in the Fens, which are fairly well described; and this fact may account for the monotony of the key in which the



DISTRIBUTION



A DISCUSSION ON A CURIOUS SPECIMEN

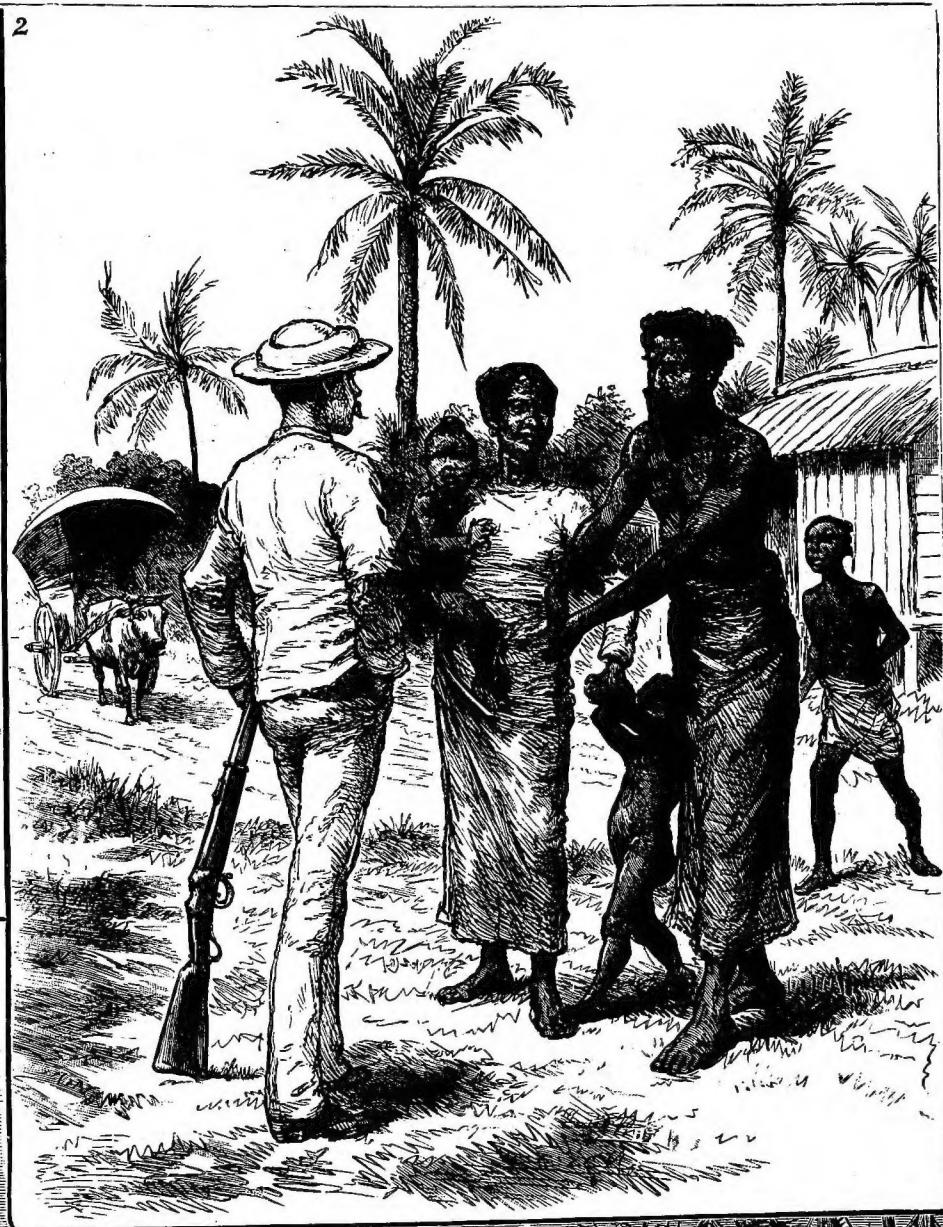


"BAD LUCK TO YER MANNERS; KEEP TO YOUR PROPER MESS"



AH PING: "WAR LOOM, PIECEE VEESH"

WITH THE CHINA SQUADRON—SEINING IN SAGHALIEN



1. The Saurian's Foot Prints : "By Buddha, he must be a Twenty-footer"

2. Haggling for the Hire of Bait Warranted to Attract
SPORT IN CEYLON—SHOOTING A MAN-EATING CROCODILE

3. The Man-Eater's Quietus

work is pitched throughout. The story is not agreeable, being that of Geoff, a poor lad who fell, unhappily for him, into the hands of a horrible family known as "The Wolves," among whom he was bred till he himself, despite inherited fine instincts, became himself a "Wolf" of seventeen years old. Falling into trouble, the "Wolves" themselves reject him; so that, going from bad to worse, he commits murder; is converted by a sermon; is recognised by his real father, a gentleman of position; and is finally burned to death while saving the lives of others. A melancholy, even distressing, feature of the novel is the cruelly undeserved sufferings of children, which somehow have not the flavour of reality, and can serve no purpose beyond harrowing sensitive feelings. The novel has considerable ability, especially in the direction of pathos; so that the prevailing and unbroken gloom is deepened and intensified.

Nothing ought to be more brilliant and fuller of stirring incident than a romance dealing with the deeds of Drake against the Spaniards in the New World. Julian Corbett's "For God and Gold" (1 vol.: Macmillan and Co.), has, it is true, plenty of incident, but is curiously deficient in exciting quality, or even in vitality. We have the bones of romantic history served up very dry indeed. The hero, and supposed narrator, who makes some slight attempt to suggest the style of the period, is a Puritan Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who follows Drake in order to escape from the too-tempting charms of the wife of a friend. The volume consists of preaching and fighting in about equal measure; and, on the whole, the preaching is the more lively. The author has evidently studied his period conscientiously.

"Rita" complains that we have misrepresented the plot of her "Gretchen" in calling it an adaptation of the best known episode of *Faust*. On investigating her complaint, we find other reasons for our remark than the facts (not unsuggestive in themselves) that the heroine was named Gretchen, and wore her hair in plaited tails. Some of those reasons we have already given; and, with the addition of others, they amount to this. Gretchen, a fair German girl, is seduced by a lover by means of a sham marriage. They perform a "garden scene" together, with the familiar business of "He loves me—he loves me not," he having told her the story of *Faust* in a veiled way. Her destiny and his conduct are influenced by a most Mephistophelean valet. Gretchen is imprisoned on a charge of child murder. She is as mad in prison as Goethe's is Gretchen, and in the same pathetic manner; and her apotheosis is reflected by her entry upon a religious life. If Goethe's *Faust* was not in the authoress's mind, perhaps it was Gounod's. If neither, we can only express our surprise.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"LOTUS AND JEWEL," by Sir Edwin Arnold (Trübner), is the quaintly suggestive title of a volume of poems in the author's best manner, which can—notwithstanding the affectation of introducing Sanskrit words and phrases, which so constantly provokes one in Sir Edwin's work—be generally read with pleasure. The opening piece, which he would doubtless consider his masterpiece, is decidedly clever, and contains passages of rare beauty. It is a semi-dramatic discourse between a European gentleman, a Hindoo pundit, and Gunga, a dancing-girl, the subject being the mysterious philosophy enshrined in the sacred Hindoo word OM. A theme like this must naturally appeal to a somewhat eclectic circle, but for those who study the mysteries of Oriental lore it must have singular attractions. We have been especially struck by Govind's exposition of the Three Conditions, and his theory of the soul's wanderings during sleep—a theory, by the bye, which is by no means confined to the Brahman philosophers. To those who care less for such abstruse questions than for narrative may be recommended the episode of Bala and Sita, a romance as powerful and pitiful as any by Boccaccio. Gunga's songs, too, have a dreamy, sensuous charm, which has a fascination of its own, especially those at pages 9 and 43, and her theory as to the pre-existence of the temple-doves is a pretty conceit. "A Casket of Gems," which comes second, is, in effect, a long acrostic on the name of some lady, who might reasonably have been proud of such a tribute. With each letter of her name is associated some corresponding gem, the mention of which serves as a reason for introducing either some legend of old times or some chain of delicate and poetical fancy. Thus, in connection with the amethyst we have the story of Heraclius and the stork; the topaz introduces the familiar old tale from "Gesta Romanorum" of Theodosius and the grateful serpent; the jacinth is connected with a most touching story of the Moslem Majnun's love for the Christian maiden, Mariam, and so on. By the bye, as regards the legend of the Sangreal, uninformed readers might be led by Sir Edwin's verse to imagine that it originated with Lord Tennyson. The episode, in another part of the poem, of Suleiman and Kûmri, where the great King spills the water of life, is fine; but if his name, and that of Aaron the High Priest, are to be spelt Oriental fashion, why is our old friend Aladdin denied the same honour? The minor poems are, almost without exception, of the first order. We need do little more than draw attention to "Atalanta," "The Depths of the Sea" (on Mr. Burne Jones's well-known picture), "Basti Singh's Wife," and, best of all, that splendid ballad "A Rajput Nurse." We do not envy any one who can read that last unmoved. "The Snake and the Baby" is good, and curiously reminds one of one of Charles Lamb's minor pieces for children. To take the incident as, in any sense, an argument against original sin, or any other theological dogma, is simply ludicrous. If a moral must be evolved, it is simply that there is an over-ruled Providence which takes care of little children, which we imagine that no reasonable being doubts. The translations from the Sanskrit are delightful, and make those of us who are, unluckily, unable to read the original, wistfully desire more from the same pen. Briefly, "Lotus and Jewel" is, spite of occasional laxity both in rhyme and rhythm, one of those books which one would like to possess.

Mr. Thomas Folliott, author of "The Vision of a Passion, and other Poems" (Wyman and Sons), prefaces his chief piece with a prose extract from Emerson's writing, and it is only fair to say that the sermon is almost as intelligible as the text. A discontented man, whilst communing with Nature, is met by a fair lady, who claims to be a goddess, and promises to keep tryst with him on a future occasion. This she fails to do, much to his grief; and he subsequently finds her dead in the cottage of an old woman, whose insane daughter she was. This is really all the story, but there would seem to be some deep underlying meaning which is, we must confess, too subtle for our grasping. The blank verse used as a vehicle is, for the most part, tolerable, and the author has a keen eye for the beauties of Nature. More praise we cannot honestly bestow, and the minor pieces call for no special mention.

A little volume as attractive for its contents as its appearance is "Dreams to Sell," by May Kendall (Longmans). The author has, apart from her skill in versification, a rare gift of humour—a quality not always present in the gentler sex—as well as a fund of quaint and pretty fancy, and considerable pathetic power. Nothing could be funnier than the "Ballad of the Ichthyosaurus," "The Conscientious Ghost," or "A Pious Opinion," which last is a delicate satire on the sun-myth craze. Among the serious pieces we must specially commend the "Legend of the Crossing-Sweeper," "The Sculptor," with its peaceful allegory, and the ballad at p. 117.

"Poems," by Thomas Woolner (George Bell and Sons), is a modest little pamphlet, but contains more real poetry than many

pretentious volumes. The two pieces of which it consists, "Nelly Dale" and "Children," are delightful pastoral idyls, especially the former. We seem to see all the country-surroundings of little Nelly and her boy-sweetheart, and there is one excellent touch, about the following shadows, which is thoroughly child-like. And is not this a perfect summing-up?—

Altho' especial grace to charm
Exists in nothing they behold.
The alchemy of young delight
Turns everything to gold.

We have also to acknowledge, from Mr. Walter Scott (Canterbury Poets Series), "Irish Minstrelsy," a selection of Irish songs, lyrics, and ballads, original and translated; edited, with notes and introduction, by H. Halliday Sparling. Also, from Messrs. W. P. Nimmo and Co., of Edinburgh, "The Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," including the poet's prose writings.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION

MAJOR BARTTELOT's letter to Mr. W. Mackinnon, published in the leading daily papers, gives a clear account of the progress and position of the Expedition under Mr. Stanley for the relief of Emin Pasha.

It will be remembered that Mr. Stanley—to whom was confided by the Committee over which Mr. Mackinnon presides the choice of route—decided, after careful consideration of the means at his disposal, to follow the Congo, and avail himself of the open water-way which that river offers.

Before proceeding to the West Coast Mr. Stanley, however, visited Zanzibar, and there engaged a body of trained natives on whom he could rely, as porters, when forced to land and cross the unexplored district that lies between the navigable tributaries of the Congo and the Upper Nile valley, where Emin Pasha's district is situated. He also, while at Zanzibar, made a skilful use of the influential Arab chief, Tippoo Tib, and induced him to follow the relief party up the Congo and use his influence in aid of the Expedition.

The importance of such a step is evident, seeing that the powerful Arab and East Coast traders might, if hostile, have seriously interfered with the advance of the party.

The Congo route would, however, have been wholly impracticable, with such a mass of stores as Mr. Stanley had to convey, but for the ready help of the King of the Belgians, who, as Sovereign of the Congo State, placed the whole resources of the Free State at the disposal of the Expedition, and gave the use of the steam vessels which kept up communication on the river. This example was followed by the various Missionary Societies, and by the trading Company under Mr. Sandford, which also lent their vessel, the *Florida*, although at the time without engines, to be used as a cargo boat.

The Expedition left Zanzibar in the end of February last, landing at the mouth of the Congo on the 18th March. The accompanying map of the Congo River explains the time occupied, and the route taken by the Expedition, and the difficulty that exists meantime in

making fairly efficient in their drill. The natives, who are not a bad-looking race, are reputed to be cannibals, they bring little food into the camp, so that the party have to live from hand to mouth, and are dependent on their own exertions for meat. There is no game near but the wild pig, and the river being a succession of rapids there are no hippopotami. Notwithstanding all this, both Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson write in excellent spirits; they report that the native system of espionage is most wonderful; and no matter where they go, east, west, south, or north, the information spreads immediately, and they find the villages deserted and the supplies carried off. All the villages in the immediate neighbourhood of the camp have been abandoned, the natives having migrated to the opposite bank of the river.

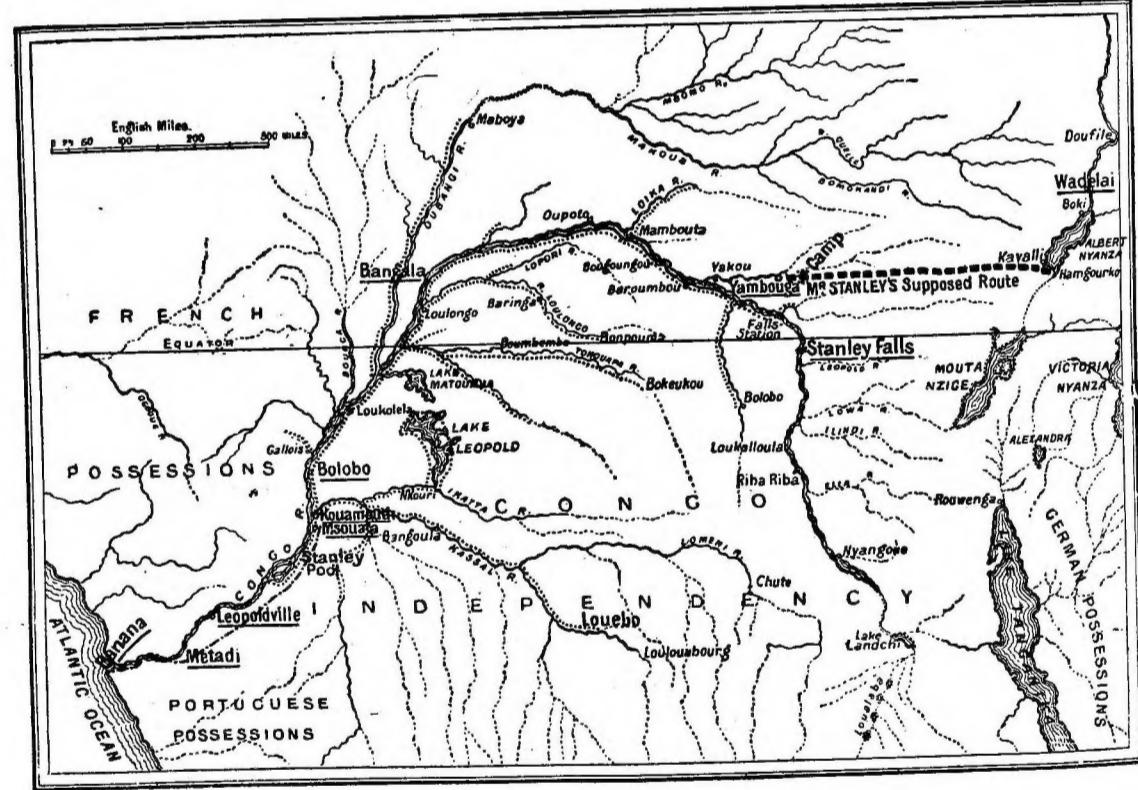


MESSRS. AMBROSE AND CO.—Both words and music of "Be Faithful To the End," a sacred song, written and composed by B. Britten and Churchill Sibley, are very good.—"Farewell," a ballad, words by Lord Tennyson, music by Edith Stanhope, is a pretty drawing-room song.—"Three Sketches" for violin and piano forte are: No. 1, "A Boat Song," No. 2, "Undine," and No. 3, "The Lover Pleads," brief and pleasing pieces for after-dinner execution, composed by Charles J. Smith.—There is a fair amount of originality in "Water Lily Gavotte," by Edith Stanhope.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—"Nine Songs by Various Poets," set to music by Louis N. Parker, contain amongst them some charming compositions, both from a poetical and a musical point of view.—"The Lion Guard," a patriotic song, words and music by Harry Croft Hiller, has already won public favour. It is a vigorous and spirited composition of medium compass.

ALFRED HAYS.—There is an excellent moral conveyed in a very melodious form in the pleasing song, "A Wayside Story," written and composed by George Barlow and J. E. German, published in three keys.—"Was It All In Vain?" words and music by Nellie Fortescue-Harrison, is a very sentimental love song for a tenor.—A very elaborate frontispiece attracts notice to "A Civic Anthem," entitled "Hail! Lord Mayor!" a baritone solo and chorus, words and music by H. Weist Hill; no doubt we shall hear this really well-written song at many a City feast in time to come.—Two very pleasing piano forte pieces for the drawing-room, by Ignace Gibsone, are "Impromptu" and "Pastoral."—Of the same excellent type, are "Gütsch," a *valse caprice* for the piano forte, by E. Champion; and "The Cadets' March," for the piano forte, by L. M. Kerr.—A very pretty and tuneful waltz is "The Primrose Wreath," by W. Cowans.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—There is no more difficult task than that of amusing little folks in the gloaming, when their elders enjoy a quiet chat. Messrs. G. Clifton Bingham and Arthur W. Marchant have written and composed six "Twilight Songs for Children," which will prove a boon to good-natured elder



MAP OF MR. H. M. STANLEY'S ROUTE

hearing from them direct. The Expedition disembarked from the s.s. *Madura* at Banana Point on the 18th March, and left the following day in river boats, reaching Metadi on the 21st. After a halt there of four days, they started on the 25th, and marched overland, arriving at Leopoldville on the 26th April, where a camp was formed. Leopoldville is the point of departure above the rapids for vessels ascending the Upper Congo. Major Barttelot and Dr. Parkes proceeded in the s.s. *Stanley* for Msouata on the 28th April with 129 men, in order to relieve the difficulty experienced in procuring stores at Leopoldville. The steamer returned to Leopoldville, leaving there again for Bolobo on the 1st of May with the remainder of the party, except Mr. Troupe, who was left behind in charge of goods deposited at Leopoldville.

The flotilla consisted of the s.s. *Stanley* towing the *Florida*, the *Henry Reid* towing the *En-Avant*, and the *Advance* (Stanley's steel boat), and the *Peace* towing the two whale boats. The *Stanley* was then sent back to Kouamenda to bring up Major Barttelot and Dr. Parkes's party to Bolobo, they having marched from Msouata to that point in the interval.

Food being plentiful at Bolobo, Messrs. Ward and Bonny were encamped there with 135 men (invalids, &c.).

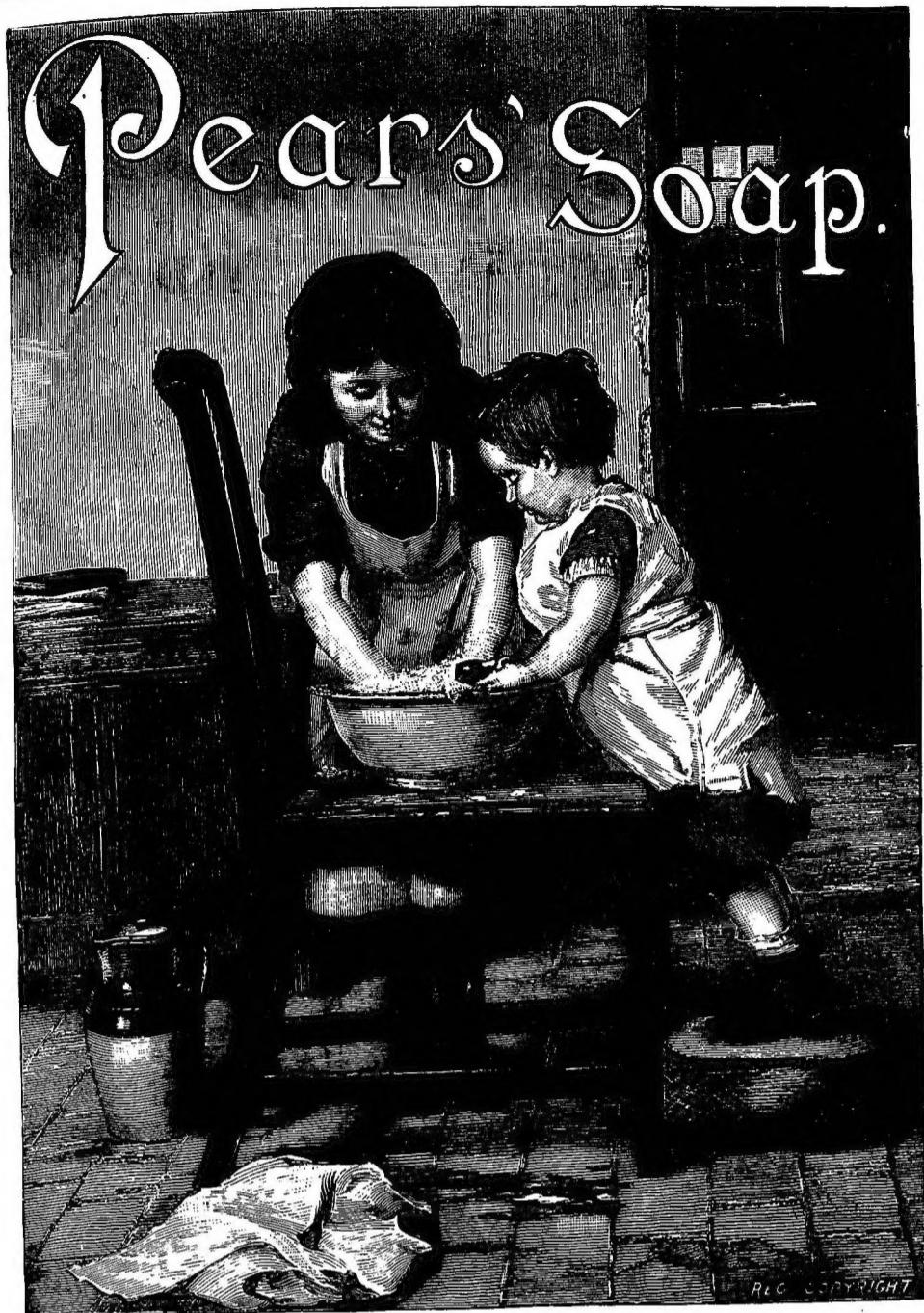
Mr. Stanley and the main body proceeding to the Ariwini River, and disembarked at Yambuba village on the 19th June. The *Henry Reid*, with Major Barttelot and Mr. Walker, proceeded in charge of Tippoo Tib's party to Stanley Falls, five days' steam from the Ariwini River.

The *Stanley* then steamed to Leopoldville to bring up Mr. Troupe and his goods, also Messrs. Ward and Bonny from Bolobo. The entire party reached the camp at the Ariwini River on the 14th August.

The Soudanese, who are nearly all emancipated slaves, have been

sisters and aunts; "Nine Little Brown Birds" (No. 1 will be caught up and chorused by juvenile singers); "Cry, Baby," will delight youthful schoolboys; whilst "A Catastrophe" will bring down peals of laughter.—"Oh! Heart of Mine," is a plaintive love ditty, written and composed by Robert S. Hickens and Howard Talbot.—A capital likeness of the veteran Prince Bismarck adds much to the interest of a spirited march which bears his name, written and composed by Lloyd Edwards.—Two remarkably taking specimens of dance music are "Violenta," a work by Henry Stiles; and "A Votre Santé," a merry polka, by E. Bucalossi. The former has for its frontispiece the head of a lovely woman; the latter the roguish-looking face of a monk.

MISCELLANEOUS.—There is much originality and spirit in "All is Fair in Love and War," a ballad from "Donnington Castle," a Royalist story, by Colonel Colomb, R.A., F.S.S. (Messrs. Chappell and Co.)—"Love Will Recall" has been "sung with immense success" by a long list of singers, male and female; it is published in four keys; the words are by G. C. Bingham, the music by Joseph Spaworth (Messrs. Metzler and Co.)—Two simple songs of a somewhat ordinary type, music by Seppie Moulton, are:—"Whispering of the Wind," words by James Blackney; and "My Lady Fair," words by Henry Knight (Messrs. W. F. Ridgeway and Co.).—A Fairy Kindergarten cantata for juvenile performers is "Queen Illoveyou's Five o'Clock Tea," which may be played and sung by tiny mites and their elder sisters and brothers. The libretto by Kate Osborne and the music by Thomas Murby are bright and very singable. The cantata may well be got up in the schoolroom in readiness for the Easter holidays. The only scenery required is a flat scene—conservatory, garden, or prettily furnished drawing-room lighted with Chinese lanterns above, and fairy lights amongst the flowers (Thomas Murby).



"This is the way we wash our hands,"
 "Wash our hands."
 "Wash our hands"
 "This is the way we wash our hands"
 "With PEARS' SOAP in the morning."

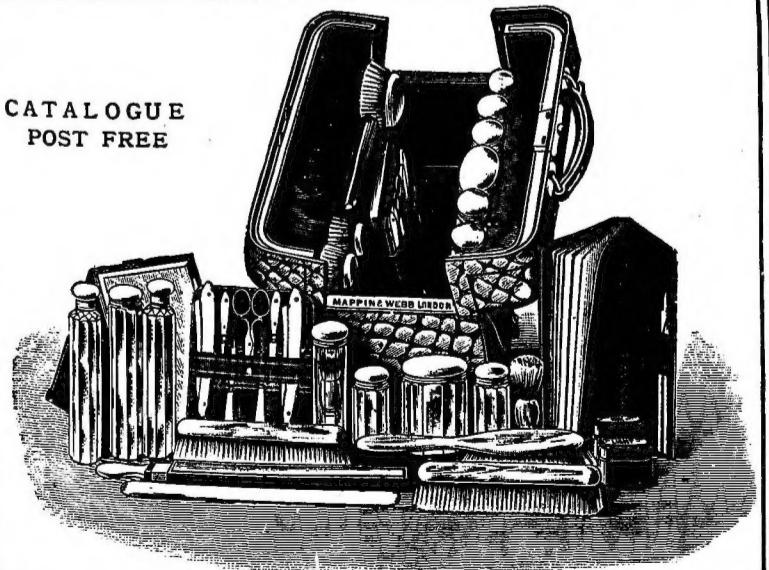
THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN

NEW SHIRTS for OLD ONES.
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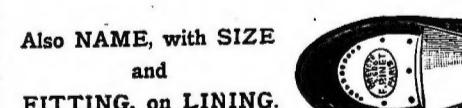
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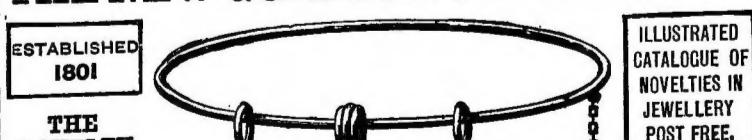
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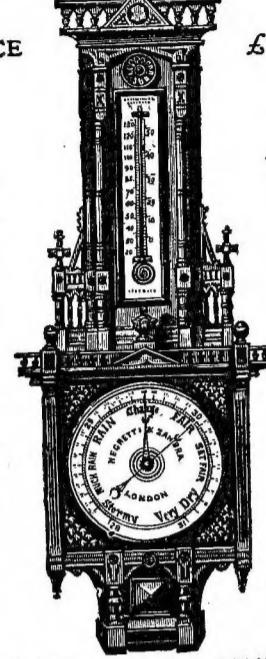
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